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From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE INFANT KISS.

"SWEET is thy infant kiss, my child!"  
I said; my little darling smiled:  
"Sweet! sweet!" I said, and kissed again  
His cherub cheek: it gave me pain.

Was it the small soft lip I pressed,  
Wet with the milk-drop from my breast?  
Or was it thy young breath, my boy,  
That checked the rising tide of joy?

It could not be thy sinless smile,  
So free from care, so free from guile;  
Ah, no! I only see it there;  
It stands so beautifully fair,  
Mocking the fleeting joys we share.

It is thy brother's shade! and he  
Too, budded on the self-same tree;  
And, opening sweetly into bloom,  
Became a flower to deck the tomb.

He was my joy, as thou art now;  
And I have kissed his fair, bright brow,  
His cheek, his lip, and felt no pain;—  
So shall I never do again!

And he was dear, as thou art dear;  
My love for him was void of fear.  
And he was mine, now mine no more;  
And thou art on that slipp'ry shore,  
Whence I have seen him glide before.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE PLAINT OF FREEDOM."

LAUDER of Milton! worthy of his laud!  
How shall I name thee? art thou yet unnamed?  
While verses flourish hanging overhead

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In looser tendrils than stern Husbandry  
May well approve, on thee shall none descend?  
At Milton's hallowed name thy hymn august  
Sounds as the largest bell from minster-tower  
Above the tinkling of Comasco boy.  
I ponder; and in time may dare to praise;  
Milton had done it; Milton would have grasped  
Thy hand amid his darkness, and with more  
Impatient pertinacity because  
He heard the voice and could not see the face.  
July 14. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF STONEHENGE.

At a meeting of the Philological Society held on the 25th of February the following remarks were read on the Etymology of the word Stonehenge, communicated by Edwin Guest, Esq., the master of Caius College, Cambridge.

Mr. Herbert, the author of "Cyclops Christianus," adopts a legend which makes Stonehenge the scene where the Welsh nobles fell beneath the daggers of Hengist's followers. He thinks this is corroborated by the name of the locality—which, in the more ancient authorities is often called *Stonehenges*, and in one place Simon of Abingdon (a monkish writer of the fifteenth century) writes it *Stunehengest*. The word Stonehenge, or Stonehenges, or Stonehengest, therefore means, according to Mr. Herbert, the *Stone of Hengist*. He maintains, and truly, that it is a law of our language that, in compound words of which one element bears to the other the same relation as an adjective to its sub-

stantive, then the adjectival or qualifying element takes the first place; he would, therefore, have us believe that Stonehenge cannot mean the hanging stone, the *pierres pendues* of Wace. Further, he says that the rule above stated admits of one exception, and this is, that when the qualifying element is a proper name it may take the last place, as Port-Patrick, Fort-William, &c. But here we must remind Mr. Herbert that such compound terms as Port-Patrick, &c., are instances of a Norman idiom which affected our language only from the fourteenth century, while Stonehenge is clearly an English compound. Its elements are English; it may be traced to the twelfth century; we cannot, therefore, give to Stonehenge the meaning Mr. Herbert assigns to it.

Some reviewer in the "Quarterly" of last September "conceives that *henge* is a mere termination of the genitive or adjectival kind, such as Mr. Kemble has given a list of in one of his papers for the Philological Society,"—the absurdity of which "conception" is too glaring to need exposure.

The true etymology is the one which tradition has handed down to us. In many of the Gothic languages words are found closely resembling *henge*, and signifying something suspended, as a shelf, a curtain, an ear-ring, &c., as *brot-hänge*, G. shelves to hang bread on; *quirke hänge*, a frame to dry curds and cheese upon; *thal-hänge*, the steep side of a valley; *ör-hänge*, Sw., an ear-ring. In the south or west of England you may hear in any butcher's shop of the "*head and hinge*" of certain animals—the head with some portions of the animal thence dependent. In the Glossary of the "Exmoor Scolding" we find "*Hange* or *hanje*, the purtenance of any creature, joined by the gullet to the head, and hanging together, viz., the lights, heart, and liver." These are only other applications of the word which appears in the final element of *Stonehenge*, where *henge* signifies the impost, which is suspended on the two uprights. And in this signification it is used in our literature. Stukeley tells us he has been informed that in a certain locality in Yorkshire certain natural rocks were called *Stonehenge*. Again, "Herein they imitated, or rather emulated, the Israelites, who being delivered from the Egyptians, and having trampled the Red Sea and Jordan (opposing them) under their feet, did, by God's command, erect a *stonage* of twelve stones," &c. (Gibbons). A fool's bolt soon shot at *Stonehenge*. Nares gives—"Would not everybody say to him, we know the *stonage* at Gilgal."—(Leslie.)

— As who with skill  
And knowingly his journey manage will,  
Doth often from the beaten road withdraw,

Or to behold a *stonage*, taste a spaw,  
Or with some subtle artist to conferre.  
G. Tooke's "*Belides*," p. 11.

Hence we may understand how our older authorities generally write the name *Stonehengens*. Each of the trilithons was, strictly speaking, a *stonage*; and the entire monument might either be called the *Sonages*, or, if the word were used in its collective sense, the *Stonage*. *Stonehengest* can only be a clerical blunder for *Stonehengens*. Besides the word *hang-e*, there seems to have been another word which did not take the final vowel, and from which the Germans got their *vor-hang*, a curtain, and we the word *Ston-heng* in Robert of Gloucester. (154.)

Arst was the kyng y heryed, er he myghte come  
there  
Withinne the place of the Stonheng, that he lette  
rere.

This word *hang* is used in Norfolk for, first, a crop of fruit, i. e., that which is pendant from the boughs; secondly, a declivity—see Forby. It enters into the west of England, *stake-hang*; the east (Sussex), *herring-hang*—the place in which herrings are hung on sticks to dry. Hardying calls the trilithons at Stonehenge, or, perhaps we might more correctly say their imposts, *Stonehengles*, in which *hengle* or *hengel* is nothing but a derivative of *hang*; and, like its primitive, means something that is suspended. In some parts of the north of England the iron bar over the fire on which the caldron is hung is, with its appurtenances, called the *Hangles*. Another word, *scallenge*, may be noticed. It is used in the west of England for the lych-gate, often found at the entrance of our churchyards. The Dutch call a slate, *schalie*; in our old English dialect we find it called *skalye*; a construction which supported a roof formed of slates may have been called a *scall-henge*.

LITERARY piracy is extending from American publishers to American authors, as Messrs. Ingram and Cooke have learned to their cost. Reprinting an American work entitled "Money; how to get, how to keep, and how to use it," they found themselves pounced upon by the English publisher of Mr. Henry Taylor's works, from which the American writer (?) of the book had filched a quantity of matter, and quietly incorporated it with his own lucubrations. English publishers must be careful how they reprint American books, or they may be becoming receivers of stolen goods. Messrs. Ingram and Cooke have had to cancel the leaves containing the matter stolen from Mr. Taylor, and to make public acknowledgment of the whole transaction. — Critic.

From Chambers' Repository.

## CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, FOUNDER OF THE COLONY OF VIRGINIA.

To see bright honor sparkled all in gore,  
Would steel a spirit that ne'er fought before;  
And that's the height of Fame, when our best blood  
Is nobly spilt in actions great and good:  
So thou hast taught the world to purchase Fame,  
Rearing thy story on a glorious frame;  
And such foundation doth thy merits make it,  
As all detraction's rage shall never shake it.

BRIAN O'ROURKE.

ONE of the most agreeable duties of literature is that of doing justice to neglected merit. We seem, when thus engaged, to be imitating one of the functions of Providence. History, however, is often unjust; because, while taking care of the reputation of a few favorite characters, and blazoning forth the pomp and pageantry of the world, it refuses to bestow adequate notice on men who deserved perhaps to act a prominent part on the stage of public business, but were condemned by circumstances to consume their energies in an obscure course of action, and among individuals altogether incapable of appreciating their great qualities.

The career and fate of John Smith very strikingly illustrate the truth of this observation. Few men in any age or country were ever engaged in more surprising adventures, or exhibited greater fertility of resources, or bore up against evil fortune with a braver spirit. Truth in his story is so extraordinary and startling, that the boldest fiction would scarcely dare to imitate it. What happened to him would suffice to impart interest to the lives of a hundred romantic adventurers. Fortune seemed to lavish all her choicest caprices in her dealings with him. By land and sea, in war and peace, in freedom and captivity, in the decaying civilization of the Old World, in the fresh and fierce savagery of the New, in the depths of poverty, in the elevation of honor and power—he gave proof of being equal to all conditions. He was an Englishman in the finest sense of the word. Nothing could subdue his intrepid courage; nothing could corrupt his principles. In every situation, he seems to have had the glory of his country at heart; and contrived at length, through many dangers and difficulties, to connect his name with the history of the United States—a history which, in proportion as it is studied and understood, will be found, in some of its earliest pages, to derive lustre from this humble plebeian name.

John Smith was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1579. He is careful, in his autobiography, to inform us, that his father was descended from the ancient Smiths of Crudley, in Lancashire, and his mother from the Rickards of Great Heck, in Yorkshire. To this circumstance, Bob Brathwait, one of the minor poets of those times,

alludes in a copy of verses addressed to the great adventurer:

Two greatest shires of England did thee bear—  
Renowned Yorkshire, Gaunt styled Lancashire.

His parents died when he was about thirteen years of age, leaving him in comparatively affluent circumstances, but under the care of guardians, who would appear to have neglected his education, made away with his property, and inspired him with disgust for the tranquillity of a domestic life. The love of roaming, however, and a thirst for the excitement of war, seemed to have pervaded the whole British population. Swarms of restless spirits constantly quitted their homes in search of fortune or glory, and too frequently found obscure graves in distant lands. Recent discoveries appeared to have enlarged the limits of the universe—golden visions of power and fortune dazzled the imagination of the whole civilized world—men thought of nothing but the planting of colonies and the founding of empires—everything seemed possible to a strong hand and a sharp sword—and it was not until age and experience had taught their saddening lessons, that the intrepid visionaries relinquished their hopes, and returned, perhaps to end their days in dreary obscurity by their paternal firesides.

Defoe had, in all likelihood, carefully studied the history of John Smith before he planned his romance of *Robinson Crusoe*. At all events, the descendant of the Smiths and the Rickards bore a strong resemblance to that renowned personage, and at a very early age formed the design of running away from home, and going, as the phrase is, to sea. In order to check this disposition, he was, at the age of fifteen, apprenticed to a merchant of Lynn; but not finding a tall stool and a desk at all suited to his taste, John took French leave of his master, and accompanied Mr. Peregrine Berty to the continent. His youth, probably, stood somewhat in his way on this occasion. His patrons soon found out, it seems, that they could make no use of him, and, therefore, in the course of a month or six weeks, dismissed him, very much chop-fallen; but the indefatigable John was not to be discouraged. He had evidently made his guardians uncomfortable; and in order to rid themselves of what, no doubt, they considered a nuisance, they had given him at parting, out of his own estate, the magnificent sum of ten shillings, with which he resolved to carve his fortunes in the world. He repaired, accordingly, to the Low Countries, where, during the space of four years, he hacked and hewed, and performed numerous deeds of gallantry, which history has perversely passed over in silence.

Before entering upon this service, Smith

had met in Paris one David Hume—an ancestor, probably, of the historian—who gave him letters to his friends in Scotland, with a design of recommending the young adventurer to King James. During his first warlike fit, this epistolary wealth lay neglected; but growing weary of hard knocks, with little corresponding profit, our hero took his leave of the Low Countries, and proceeded to Scotland. Here he met with much hospitality, indeed, but found the way to court closed against him. He returned, therefore, to Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, where he gave the neighborhood a taste of his humor, not at all calculated to augment his reputation for prudence. England, to be sure, was in those days a half-savage country, abounding with woods, morasses, and fells, so that things now impossible were then of daily occurrence. John hit upon a scheme of life which, at the present day perhaps, would be thought Quixotic even on the banks of the Ohio or Missouri.

On first arriving at his native place, the good folks made a lion of him, and glutted him with too much company, in which, he says, he took small delight. He therefore yielded to his solitary instincts, and, instead of taking lodgings at a milliner's in a first floor at Willoughby, he retired to a little woody pasture, a good way from any town, environed with many hundred acres of forest. Here, by a fair brook, he built a pavilion of boughs, where, to avoid all dealings with upholsterers, he slept in his clothes. His grand object at this time was to make progress in two studies—war and morals; things extremely little inclined to go together. He therefore pored incessantly over Machiavelli and Marcus Aurelius; and thus probably laid the foundation of that brilliant success in the field, and that stoical integrity in all situations, for which John Smith deserves to be remembered forever. At the same time, it must not be concealed that his notion of ethics belonged rather to the savage than to the civilized state. He looked upon the earth as a large domain, bestowed indifferently upon all Adam's children, who might, without blame, make use freely of what they found in their way. In other words, John indulged a little in poaching—not personally, but by proxy; for he had a man with him, who, while he was deep in Marcus Aurelius' ethics, or Machiavelli's art of war, strolled with bag and fowling-piece about the country, brought home venison, and made him savory meats, such as John delighted in.

We should do him great injustice, however, if we imagined that, in this retirement, he was satisfied with books and venison. He had along with him a fine horse, and when tired of turning over the pages of the Florentine secretary, he mounted this fiery animal,

and amused himself with lance and ring. His strange manner of life soon rendered him an object of great interest to the whole neighborhood. The portly squires and fair dames spoke, by their firesides, of the wild soldier who had come thither, surrounded by an atmosphere of romance, from beyond sea; and through their intervention a companion was found for him, from whom he probably derived much advantage. This was Teodoro Polaloga, a noble Italian gentleman, and excellent horseman—rider, as he was called, to the Earl of Lincoln. With this foreigner, Smith was pleased to converse; and in order to enjoy his society, he abandoned his pavilion of boughs, and went to reside at Tattersall.

But so peaceful a course of life soon ceased to have any charms. He longed to be engaged in some great theatre of war, in which he could display his knowledge and valor; and, as the Turks were at that time ravaging Hungary, he formed the design of joining the Christian army, and rising to distinction by exhibiting his prowess against the infidels. In the prosecution of this plan, however, he soon showed how little he had profited by the study of Machiavelli. He might, indeed, have learned how to draw out a squadron in the field; but in the far more difficult art of divining the characters of men, and defending himself from their villany, he was still a child. On board a ship bound for France, he fell in with four adventurers, who, seeing him elegantly attired, immediately formed a scheme for enriching themselves by his plunder. One, therefore, pretended to be a nobleman of high distinction, while the other three agreed to act the part of his attendants. They undertook to introduce Smith to a French duchess, whose husband was at the time commander for the emperor in Hungary. Our unsuspecting countryman fell easily into the snare; while his mind was filled with gorgeous visions of military success, to be achieved through the patronage of the French duke aforesaid, the vessel which bore this new Cæsar and his fortunes arrived through dark and blustering weather in the roads of St. Valery-sur-Somme. Here the pretended nobleman undertook, with his attendants, and the captain of the vessel, who was in league with him, to convey ashore Smith's baggage, with which, as might have been foreseen, they instantly decamped. On board were several soldiers, who, to their credit, resented the injury which had been done the Englishman; and one of them, a gallant and generous fellow, offered to conduct him, at his own expense, to Montague, in Normandy, where the relatives of the robbers resided.

In all this part of France, Smith was received with great hospitality, and might



probably, have spent half his life in wandering from château to château, entertained by one nobleman after another, had he not longed for the excitement of travel and war. With such funds as were supplied to him, therefore, he returned towards the sea-coast, and, travelling from port to port, exhausted all his resources in the attempt to find some ship that might convey him to any field of action, he apparently cared not whither. When he had seen the end of his purse, weariness and hunger overtook him while travelling through a forest. Exhaustion would not permit him to proceed any further. He laid himself down, therefore, under a tree, beside a fountain, apparently intending to remain there and die in peace; but a good Samaritan came up, in the shape of a rich farmer, who bore him to his dwelling, treated him kindly, and placed him in a position to pursue his adventures with renewed vigor.

Smith's study of Marcus Aurelius had not made him a stoic. While yet smarting with the remembrance of his injuries, he met in a forest one of the four villains who a short time before had robbed him at St. Valery-sur-Somme. The wretch had been reduced to the greatest poverty, though, partly for his own protection, partly for the purpose of replenishing his purse at intervals, he still wore a sword. Our fiery countryman, being equally well armed, drew upon him immediately; and while the inhabitants of the neighborhood rushed to the top of an old ruined tower to behold the conflict, the two adventurers exhibited all the resources of their skill and courage in defence of their lives. Fortune does not always declare on the side of justice, though, in the present case, she showed herself to be in an equitable humor. The robber fell; and Smith had the satisfaction of hearing him confess, before several witnesses, that he had been engaged in the transaction at St. Valery, though he denied having in any degree profited by the theft.

Smith now travelled through the western and southern provinces of France; visited the kingdoms of Bearn and Navarre, and at length arrived at Marseille, where he embarked for Italy on board a vessel filled with pilgrims, proceeding to the shrine of our Lady of Loretto. Being a sturdy Protestant, he soon found himself engaged in fierce disputes. Elizabeth was at that time carrying on with fire and sword the work of the Reformation in England, which inspired the continental papists with a bitter hatred of her and her subjects. Smith, therefore, exposed himself to the greatest danger by assailing the Church of Rome in such company. He was regarded as a sort of Jonah, with whom it was unsafe to traverse the deep; so the pilgrims forced the captain to throw him overboard. Providence, however, still watched over him, and

he made his way by swimming to a little island, which, though stocked with goats and cattle, contained no inhabitants.

Next day, he got on board a ship which had been driven into the island by a storm, and finding the captain, La Roche, to be an acquaintance of some of his friends in Brittany, he told his story, and was most hospitably entertained. The gallant Breton, his host, seems to have been half-merchant, half-pirate. Smith, without hesitation, joined himself to his fortunes; and sweeping down along the shores of Corsica, Sardinia, and Sicily, they passed over into the Gulf of Tunis, sailed along the coast of Cyrene and Marmarica, touched at Alexandria, visited Scanderoon, and then, returning through the Grecian Archipelago, they arrived in the mouth of the Adriatic. Here they fell in with a Venetian argosy — one of those very ventures, perhaps, of the loss of which our friend Antonio heard with so much philosophic composure on the Rialto — and France being then at war with the Republic, they attacked, and, after a long and bloody engagement, took the vessel, and plundered it. After this adventure, on which, following the advice of "honest Iago," they put money in their purses, Smith and his friend La Roche retraced their course, and, after making the circuit of Sicily, proceeded northwards till they reached the Roads of Antibes, where, apparently at his own request, our hero was put on shore.

John Smith now found himself master of 500 zechins, together with a box containing as many more, which, as he quaintly and mysteriously expresses it — God sent him. With 1000 zechins in his possession, he considered himself equal to any fortune, and determined to see the world like a gentleman. It would require far too much space to follow him minutely through all his subsequent adventures. The most we can do is to pick him up here and there where the character of his narrative appears most interesting. When a man is fortunate and at his ease, there is little more to do than simply state the fact. Good-fortune is extremely pleasant to enjoy, but equally insipid in description. Storms, tempests, massacres, hair-breadth escapes, sanguinary battles, shipwrecks, starvation, violent deaths — these are the materials of history and biography that quicken the reader's pulse, and make his heart beat with interest and sympathy.

Let us, however, allow John Smith to describe in his own way one of the sights he beheld at Rome, "where it was his chance to see Pope Clement VIII., with many cardinals, creep up the holy stairs, which they say are those our Saviour Christ went up to Pontius Pilate, where blood falling from his head, being pricked with the crown of thorns, the drops are marked with nails of steel.

Upon them none dare go but in that manner; saying so many ave-maries and paternosters as is their devotion, and to kiss the nails of steel. But on each side is a pair of such like stairs, up which you may go, stand, or kneel, but divided from the holy stairs by two walls. Right against them is a chapel, where hangs a great silver lamp, which burneth continually, yet they say the oil neither increaseth nor diminisheth.<sup>5</sup>

Having gratified his curiosity in Italy, he embarked at Venice, and, sailing down the Adriatic to Ragusa, proceeded thence to Grätz, in Styria, where he entered into the service of Ferdinand, Duke of Austria, afterwards emperor. It would be tedious to follow him through all his military career. He distinguished himself by great personal gallantry, by the invention of stratagems and telegraphs, and was by degrees promoted to the rank of captain. Had he kept a journal at this period of his life, and afterwards published it, we should doubtless now have read it with extraordinary interest. But all we have left us is a brief outline of facts, curious enough in itself, but very far from satisfactory. The Christians were at that time engaged in checking the progress westward of the Mohammedan arms; and Hungary formed the great battle-field on which the adherents of both creeds exhibited their valor.

Some of the incidents of this war belonged properly to chivalrous times. While the armies lay in sight of each other, intrenching themselves, and making preparations for war in due form, the more impatient spirits amused themselves with sending challenges to each other, in order to bring about single combats, for the recreation, as they expressed it, of the ladies. A Turkish officer, who is called Turbisha in the narrative, invited some persons of corresponding rank to engage with him in a passage of arms before Regal. The Christian officers cast lots, and the chance fell upon Smith, who, mounted on a powerful charger, proceeded, lance in hand, and accompanied by a page, to encounter the Moslem hero. The ramparts of Regal were lined, he says, with ladies, while the Christian host stood in battalions on the plain, to observe the conduct of their own champion. The appearance of the Turk was extraordinary. "With a noise of hautboys, he entered the field well mounted and armed; on his shoulders were fixed a pair of great wings, compacted of eagles' feathers within a ridge of silver, richly garnished with gold and precious stones." The combat was not of long duration. With that impetuosity which characterized the soldiers of the west, Smith, making a sudden rush against the Osmanli, pierced him through the head at the first charge. The body then tumbled to the earth,

and Smith, descending, decapitated it, and then bore the bloody trophy to his general, who received it with praise and admiration.

Instead, however, of being discouraged, the Osmanlis were only excited to emulation by this catastrophe. A second challenge was on the day following sent to the Christian camp, but this time not addressed to the officers in general, but in particular to Smith. The challenger staked his head, with his horse and armor, in the hope of avenging the death of his friend. Our countryman readily consented to meet the enraged Moslem; and on the appearance of the combatants in the field, the trumpets sounded, and they rushed impetuously against each other. Their lances, which would appear to have been made of extremely brittle wood, were soon shivered, upon which they drew their pistols, and discharged them at each other. The Turk's ball hit Smith on that part of the armor called the placard. At the very next shot, he himself, however, was wounded through the arm, and tumbled from his horse, upon which the gallant Christian descended, again decapitated his foe, and returned in triumph with horse and armor to his friends.

Smith now began, apparently, to hold the Osmanlis cheap, and sent a challenge to Regal, couched in the fantastic language of the times. He told the Turkish ladies that he was not so enamored of their servants, or of their servants' heads, as to refuse to return the two he had taken, provided a third champion would come out and undertake to carry them back with his own. The gage thus thrown down was taken up by an Osmanli, on whom he bestows the comic name of Bonamalgro. This worthy believer in the Koran proved a far tougher adversary than either of the former two. He declined the use of lances, and referred the decision of his fate to pistol, battle-axe, and sword. They had in those days no revolvers, or even double barrels; so, after the first shot, the combatants took to their battle-axes, and struck for some time fiercely at each other. At length, Smith lost his weapon, and appeared to be at the mercy of the foe. Upon this, a shout was raised from the ramparts of Regal, and in both armies it was thought to be all over with the valiant Christian. But his good sword yet remained to him; and, after a prolonged and desperate conflict, he returned to his own host, bearing along with him the head of the third Turk. In acknowledgment of this distinguished service, Sigismund, Duke of Transylvania, gave him permission to wear three Turks' heads quartered on his shield, and swore ever after to bear them in his own colors. He besides bestowed on him his portrait set in gold, and a pension for life of 300 ducats a year. It would be curious to

ascertain whether or not the Smiths of Wiltoughby still exhibit the three Turks' heads in their arms.

The war with the Ottomites proceeding, Smith was afforded many opportunities of distinguishing himself—sometimes by his courage, sometimes by his ingenuity; for example, a little before the battle of Rottenton, he conceived a stratagem for alarming the enemy's cavalry, which seems greatly to have recommended him to the Austrian general. Having filled two or three hundred trunks with wild-fire, and fixed them on the heads of lances, they were kindled during a night-attack, and threw around them such flames and sparkles as the Christians rushed to the encounter, that the Turkish horse took fright, and, charging hither and thither among their own ranks, threw them into inextricable confusion, and occasioned a precipitate retreat.

While relating the events of this war Smith seems to have been betrayed into a very sanguinary humor. All his pages savor of death and slaughter, and he occasionally becomes eloquent in his description of battle-fields. At length, however, fortune utterly deserted him, and he was left stretched among the dead and dying, where the pillagers found him when they came to rifle the field. Conceiving, by his armor and appearance, that a considerable sum might be obtained by his ransom, they spared his life, and carried him away prisoner. But their hopes, as well as his own, were disappointed. No ransom came. He was therefore sold for a slave, and, chained to his companion in misery, was marched with an immense file of other captives to Adrianople.

Here he found himself in the service of a lady, young and beautiful, on whom he bestows the name of Charatza Tragabigzanda. Her husband, who desired to pass with her as a hero, had boasted in his letters that Smith was a great Bohemian lord, whom he had taken with his own hand in the field, and by whose ransom she might hope to be enriched. Tragabigzanda would appear to have no great idea of her husband's prowess, and therefore questioned her captive narrowly on the subject. He confessed frankly that he had never seen her husband, who had caused him to be purchased in the slave-market; that he was not a Bohemian, but an Englishman; and, instead of being a great lord, was merely a soldier of fortune. The Turkish lady, like a second Desdemona, seems to have loved him for the dangers he had passed, and in part also perhaps for his candor and honesty. Fearing that her mother might form the plan of selling him, if she got the slightest hint of her inclinations, and also finding considerable difficulty in holding communication with him, she put in practice her woman's ingenuity, and sent him to her brother in Crim-Tartary,

where he might learn the Turkish language, acquire also the manners of the country, and render himself in other respects a fit man to figure in the position she designed for him.

But her brother's character and views no way resembled hers. No sooner, therefore, did Smith arrive at his house, than he determined he should feel all the weight of servitude, and expiate, as far as possible, by suffering, the crime of having inspired a Moslem woman with affection. He had his head shaved, put a heavy iron collar about his neck, dressed him in haircloth, and set him to do all the meanest drudgery for the other slaves. Among his hardships, he enumerates eating soup made with the entrails of horses. He talks also of coffee and sherbet, and sneers contemptuously at the Turks for eating pilaus with their fingers, which he calls "raking the dishes with their foul fists." Slavery produced upon our countryman its natural effects; it inspired him with rage and ferocity, especially when he reflected, as he often did, that instead of being treated with the kindness which Tragabigzanda meant should be shown him, he was every day insulted and degraded by her inhuman brother. Among his other labors, he was set, in the season succeeding harvest, to thresh out the corn on a field at a distance from his master's house. Impatience of servitude, and the passion for wandering and fighting, in which he had all his life indulged, here came upon him with redoubled force. He was naturally enough inclined, therefore, to look upon his tyrant with an evil eye; and while he was brooding over his wrongs and miseries, Nalbritz, unfortunately, arrived at the threshing-floor. Being by nature savage and brutal, he began to beat, spurn, and revile the captain, who, in a moment of ungovernable fury, struck him with his threshing-bat, and killed him. He then stripped him, and put on his clothes; after which, hiding the body under the straw, he filled his knapsack with corn, shut the door, mounted the tyrant's horse, and rode forth boldly at random into the desert.

During two or three days he wandered about, not knowing whither he went; but coming to one of those picturesque finger-posts,\* of which he gives a very curious description, he discovered the road leading

\* Captain Smith's words are:—"In every crossing of this great way is planted a post; and in it so many bobs with broad ends as there be ways; and every bob the figure painted on it, that demonstrateth to what part that way leadeth, as that which pointeth towards the Cryrus country, as marked with a halfe-moon; if towards the Georgians and Persia, a black man, full of white spots; if towards China, the picture of the sun; if towards Moscovia, the sign of a cross; if towards the habitation of any other prince, the figure whereby his standard is known."

towards Russia, and immediately struck into it.

The progress of Captain Smith during sixteen days across the waste, which in those times extended between Crim-Tartary and the Russian frontier, reminds us strongly of a passage in *Hudibras*. Speaking of the knights-errant, he says :—

And when through deserts vast,  
Or regions desolate they passed,  
Where belly-timber, above ground  
Or under, was not to be found,  
Unless they grazed, there's not one word  
Of their provisions on record,  
Which made some confidently write  
They had no stomachs, but to fight.

Having accomplished this feat, he arrived at Elopolis, a Christian garrison on the Don, where his chains were struck off, and he found himself suddenly in favor of a great lady, on whom he bestows the name of Callamata. As he probably made known his desire of returning to the scene of his former military achievements, he was passed from garrison to garrison, and from town to town, with singular humanity and kindness, till he reached the city of Hermannstadt, in Transylvania. His notions of geography were rather confused, so that he imagined himself to have traversed a part of Siberia, when his whole course from the Don tended evidently towards the north and west. We are tempted to extract from his memoirs a short passage, describing quaintly the state of Southern Russia in those days. "The villages are only here and there a few houses of straight fir-trees laid heads and points above one another, made fast by notches at the ends, more than a man's height, and with broad split boards, pinned together with wooden pins as thatched for coverture. In ten villages, you shall scarce find ten iron nails, except it be in some extraordinary man's house. You shall find pavements, over bogs only, of young fir-trees laid across one over another, for two or three hours' journey, or as the passage requires, and yet in two days' travel you shall scarce see six habitations."

Having reached Hermannstadt, he was received and treated with extraordinary hospitality, which accompanied him through Hungary and Bohemia, till he fell in with Duke Sigismund, who generously bestowed on him 1500 ducats in gold, with a sort of military diploma, stating his rank and services. After this, he travelled at his ease through Germany, France, and Spain; the wandering impulse still carrying him forward without intermission. He then crossed over into Morocco, visited the capital city, and after picking up a large quantity of undigested information, returned to the coast. Here he went on board the ship of one Captain Maham, probably a buccaneer, and a man of indomitable valor. Having put out to sea, and been

driven by a storm to the Canary Islands, he fell in with two Spanish men-of-war, and engaged in a desperate fight, in which Smith took an active part. Few encounters at sea, between forces so inadequate, ever lasted so long or were so sanguinary. Maham's ship was more than once on fire, and in danger of being blown up; but, with a courage bordering on desperation, he poured broadside after broadside into the enemy, until their decks were covered with dead. He then sheered off; and effecting his escape, which they also on their part were rejoiced to accomplish, he returned to England.

Here terminates what may be denominated the first cycle of the acts of Captain John Smith, who seems to have settled down quietly in his own country to enjoy some repose after the innumerable adventures and mischances through which he had passed. It seems impossible to throw any particular light on the life he now led. He does not inform us whether or not he applied himself to the recovery of the property bequeathed him by his parents, whether he engaged in any profitable speculation, or merely subsisted on the remainder of the money bestowed on him by Duke Sigismund.

About the year 1604, however, he became acquainted with Captain Bartholomew Gosnell, who had formed the project of carrying out a large body of colonists to Virginia. Smith, with his usual promptitude, seems to have entered at once into Gosnell's views, and to have seconded them vigorously; but it was fully two years before the expedition was organized, and the authority of government obtained. Into the history of the previous attempts which had been made to settle in Virginia, it is not necessary to enter: they belong properly to the general history of the United States, which, to be studied profitably, should be studied as a whole. We shall merely observe, that all the endeavors of the English to found a colony in that part of America had hitherto failed, so that it was left for the friends and companions of Gosnell to carry into execution the designs of Raleigh.

James I. contrived systematically to mar whatever he undertook. His theory of political wisdom led him to place it exclusively in craft and cunning, in subtle contrivances and small mysteries; and he appears to have been invariably surprised when plans commenced in folly terminated in discomfiture. In the present instance, he granted the adventurers letters patent, conferring on them great powers and an extensive jurisdiction; but with that propensity for playing at statesmanship to which we have already alluded, he enclosed a list of the names of the future governors of the colony in a box, the seals of which were not to be broken till the arrival of the whole party in Virginia.

No one, therefore, at the outset possessed any authority whatsoever, except such as may have been based on his own private arrangements. The conveyance of the colonists to the shores of the New World was entrusted to Captain Christopher Newport, whom experience had rendered intimately acquainted with the eastern shores of America. On the 19th of December, 1606, they set sail from Blackwall, but, by unfavorable winds, were kept six weeks in sight of England. During this period, dissensions broke out on board, arising out of a very peculiar cause.

Mr. Hunt, who was what we should now call the chaplain of the expedition, was a man of strong religious feelings, conscientious, energetic, and devoted to his duty. In health, however, he was weakly and delicate, and seemed on the point of falling a victim to his zeal even before leaving his native land. He belonged no doubt to the Puritan party, which may probably explain the offence he gave to some of the principal leaders of the colony, whom Captain Smith stigmatizes as "little better than atheists." To the utmost of their power these men annoyed and persecuted the preacher; but though, while the vessels lay in the Downs, he was within twenty miles of his own house, nothing could induce him to desert his post for a moment. We allude to this circumstance, because it may in some sort be said to supply a key to many of the disasters that followed. The colonists consisted of a heterogeneous multitude, differing in faith, in tastes, in habits, in character, and therefore prepared, at the first opportunity, to fly asunder, desert each other, and shipwreck altogether the designs of the projectors.

Touching at the Canaries for water, they traversed the Atlantic in the latitude of the West Indies; put in for provisions and trade at Dominica; and afterwards landing at Guadaloupe, they discovered a hot spring, in which they boiled pork as well as in a kettle over the kitchen fire. In Nevis, Mona, and the Virgin Isles, they spent some time; where, with a loathsome beast like a crocodile, called a guana, with tortoises, pelicans, parrots, and fish, they daily had a luxurious feast. Leaving these islands, they sailed northward, in search of Virginia, which was to them all an unknown land. The sailors were three days out of their reckoning; and so much discouragement arose among the different masters and crews, that it was scarcely to be suppressed. One of them, Ratcliffe, a commander of the pinnace, was only prevented by the occurrence of a storm from putting about the helm and sailing for England. The tempest, however, accomplished what they seemed incapable of achieving for themselves; so that, going at random before the gale, they were fortunately driven

into the very harbor of which they were in search.

Upon the first land they made, they bestowed, in honor of the Prince of Wales, the name of Cape Henry. Here thirty of the colonists disembarked; and while amusing themselves, and thinking, apparently of nothing but peaceful enjoyments, they were attacked by a party of five savages, who inflicted dangerous wounds on two of their number. This induced them to proceed in future with greater caution. Here they opened King James' mysterious box, and learned that the council — invested with power to elect presidents for a year — was to consist of Bartholomew Gosnell, Captain John Smith, Edward Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall. Affairs of importance were to be examined by a jury, but determined by the decision of a majority of the council, in which the president had two votes.

They were engaged till the 13th of May, 1607, in selecting a spot eligible for the site of the town which they designed to be the capital of the new settlement. The members of council were then sworn, and Mr. Wingfield was elected to be first president. An oration was delivered — by whom it is not stated — detailing the reasons why Captain John Smith was to be excluded from their body. It is fair, however, to infer that they arose out of paltry personal jealousies excited by Smith's superior talents and energy, of which the more ignorant and incompetent members of government stood in awe. As soon as this matter had been brought to a conclusion, they commenced the extraordinary process of founding a city in a wilderness. All was now noise, bustle and activity. The authorities laid out the plan of the fort, while the colonists betook themselves to the felling of trees, in order to produce a clear space on which to pitch their tents. It cannot be doubted, that to their mind's eye a regular city, with streets, churches, and a market-place, with esplanades and terraces, with docks and arsenals, with shops and warehouses, and inns and taverns, and a crowded population, even then presented itself. Meanwhile, some were engaged in laying out gardens, others in fabricating fishing-nets, others in making preparations for reloading their ships. The natives, struck by the strangeness of these operations, and not foreseeing what endless calamities were to arise out of what they saw to themselves and to their posterity, came with much kindness to visit the English settlers. The president's overweening jealousy would admit of no exercise at arms, and no other fortification except the branches of trees, thrown rudely together in the form of a half-moon by the extraordinary pains and diligence of Captain Kendall.



Newport and Smith, with twenty others, were now despatched to discover the source of the river on which they had commenced the building of the fort. They proceeded up the stream for six days, passing on their way numerous habitations of the natives, and being everywhere allowed to proceed unmolested, until they reached a small aboriginal hamlet, consisting of some ten or twelve wigwams, pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill, and surrounded by corn-fields. In the river opposite were three fertile islands. On this place Smith bestows the name of Powhatan, which, according to him, was at once the appellation of the tribe, and the name of its actual chief.

Up to this point the river is navigable; but a mile further on commences a series of rocks and small islands, scarcely affording passage for a boat. Upon this part of the river they bestowed the name of The Falls. The behavior of the natives was kind and hospitable until they had returned within twenty miles of Jamestown, when their conduct began to excite apprehension. This arose, no doubt, out of the events which had meanwhile taken place at the settlement, where everything had been put in jeopardy, either through the well-founded jealousy of the natives, or the overbearing insolence of the colonists. In whatever way they originated, those hostilities had commenced, which, after long generations, were to terminate in the extinction of the native race. The imprudence of Governor Wingfield's policy soon appeared. Observing the settlers to be intent on the building of the city, without police or discipline, the natives collected in force and made an impetuous attack on them. Being totally unprepared, they were easily thrown into confusion; and seventeen of their number were wounded. Perceiving the advantage they had gained, the natives pressed forward with the evident intention of exterminating their enemies; but a cross-bar, discharged from one of the ships, flying among the trees, brought down an immense bough among their ranks, which excited so much alarm that they retreated, and allowed the colonists time to rally, and provide effectually for their defence.

The governor now endeavored to repair his negligence, consenting that the fort should be surrounded with palisades, the guns mounted, and the men exercised in the use of arms. Considering the small number of the settlers, we may imagine the difficulties to which they were exposed, having to labor all day and watch all night, to guard the workmen, resist the enemy, reload the ships, and prepare the ground for the cultivation of corn.

We now come to the charges against Captain Smith, forming the ground on which he was excluded from the council. It appears

that, as early as when the ships were still in the Canary Islands, a plan had been formed for his destruction, or, at least, for the annihilation of his prospects and fame. Inspired by we know not what jealousies, there were those among the leaders of the colony who affirmed that he had entered into a conspiracy to murder the council, to usurp the government, and establish his own authority as king.

His partisans, it was said, were dispersed through all the three ships, and that some of them, repenting of their intentions, had revealed the truth. For these reasons, he was seized, and kept in confinement during thirteen weeks, while his enemies were debating whether he should be put to death, or simply sent back to England with disgrace. They affected, through charity, to prefer the latter course; but Smith, confident in his innocence, laughed at their suspicions and machinations, not doubting that he should be able to clear himself to the satisfaction of the whole world. Public opinion in the colony soon veered round to his side; and the matter having been brought under the cognizance of the authorities, Governor Wingfield, apparently his chief accuser, was condemned to pay the sum of £200, which Smith, with his habitual generosity, immediately threw into the general fund. Through the mediation of Mr. Hunt, the preacher, a reconciliation was effected between Governor Wingfield and Captain Smith; afterwards, like religious Englishmen, they all received the communion together. Next day, and evidently, as Smith thinks, in consequence of this pious act, the savages sued for peace; upon which, Captain Newport sailed for England, leaving behind him 100 men as the nucleus of the population of Virginia. This happened on the 15th of June, 1607.

Within ten days after the departure of the ships for England, nearly all the settlers were seized with sickness, so that very few among them could walk or stand. In explaining the causes of this malady, Smith throws a startling light on the wretched system of colonization adopted in those times by our ancestors. In the main, no doubt we have succeeded, and planted prosperous settlements in various parts of the world; but in Virginia, at least, it might be very fairly questioned whether we merited the good-fortune that attended us. Neglect, ignorance, improvidence, characterized the proceedings of government and colonists; and it would be difficult, in the history of European settlements, to discover a more touching picture of mismanagement and distress, than that which Smith draws of the condition of the founders of the British power in Virginia; and thereat, he says, none need marvel, if they consider the cause, which was this: — While the ships

stayed, their allowance was somewhat improved by a daily proportion of biscuit, which the sailors pilfered to give in exchange for money, sassafras, furs, &c. "Had we been as free from all sins as from gluttony and drunkenness," adds the simple historian, "we might have been canonized for saints; but our president would never have been admitted, for engrossing to his private use oatmeal, sack, oil, aquavite, beef, and eggs." The common food was of the most loathsome description, and distributed, moreover, in scanty rations. It consisted of half a pint of wheat, and as much barley, boiled with water, for each man every day; and this, having lain some twenty-six weeks in the ship's hold, contained as many worms as grains, so that it might rather be described as bran than corn. Their drink was water, their lodgings "castles in the air;" that is to say, we suppose, they slept where they could. They were constantly engaged, either in carrying or setting up palisades.

Up to the month of September, those of the colonists who had escaped the destructive effects of such a diet, lived upon sturgeon and sea-crabs. One half of their number, however, had died. The remainder, disgusted by the luxurious negligence of the president, who was discovered to be meditating his escape in the pinnace, deposed him, and elected Captain Ratliff in his place—Gosnell, who might have been presumed to possess a superior claim, being now dead. The surviving settlers attributed their recovery to the skilful treatment of their surgeon, Wolton.

The condition of the small garrison of Jamestown was, at length, all but desperate. No more sturgeon could be caught, their other provisions were exhausted, and they every moment expected to fall a prey to the violence of the natives. But the policy of barbarians is always fluctuating. From motives which it would be difficult to comprehend, unless we suppose them to have been mere generosity and humanity, the savages took pity on the wretched settlers, and supplied them with so great an abundance of the fruits of the soil, that they all lived once more in affluence. The new governor, meanwhile, with Martin, who would appear to have formed his whole council, proved to be no abler than his predecessor. Every public duty devolved on Captain Smith, who, by his energy, activity and sagacity, imparted life and hope to the colony. By his own example, good words and fair promises, he encouraged some to mow, others to find thatch; some to build houses, others to roof them; so that, in a short time, he provided nearly all but himself with lodgings.

Observing the natives to grow more remiss in bringing in provisions, chiefly because they had little more to spare, he went with a

number of men on board the shallop, and sailed away in search of trade. Dropping down the river to a place called Keconghtan, he endeavored to barter with the natives; but they, believing him and his companions to be driven thither by famine, treated them at first with contempt, offering them a piece of bread or a handful of corn in exchange for their arms. Finding that nothing was to be obtained of them by fair means, Smith, urged and excused by necessity, was fain to employ force. Discharging their pieces, therefore, and running their boat suddenly on shore, they so alarmed the natives, that they took rapidly to flight, and concealed themselves in neighboring woods. Marching to their village, they found in all the houses large heaps of corn, upon which his companions wished to seize at once; but he restrained them, hoping the natives might return and parley, and consent to supply them with what they needed on friendly terms. In this expectation he was disappointed. They returned, indeed, to the number of sixty or seventy, bearing their idol before them, and flourishing their clubs and other weapons in the most hostile manner. The English, going forth to meet them, were instantly assailed, so that they were compelled, in self-defence, to make use of their fire-arms. Several of the assailants immediately lay stretched upon the ground; and the remainder, painted of all colors, red, black, white and blue, at once took to flight, leaving their god behind them. This was evidently regarded as the palladium of the tribe, without which they would have believed it impossible to exist as a people. They accordingly sent an embassy to the conqueror, to demand back their divinity, and conclude a peace, consenting, at his request, to furnish provisions in abundance. Smith replied to these dusky diplomatists, that if six men of the tribe would come, unarmed, and aid him in loading his boat, he would not only restore to them their okee or idol, but make them large presents, besides, of beads, copper and hatchets. This was agreed to, and the natives soon returned, bringing also with them venison, common fowls, turkeys and bread. The English faithfully performed their part, and the savages went away singing and dancing.

Smith was no doubt hailed, on his return to Jamestown, with much joy; but observing in the authorities a willingness to profit by his labors, though they would themselves do nothing for the public good, he determined to set out once more in the pinnace, with a supply of articles, to barter with the natives for such provisions as would be wanting for the ensuing year. In the interval, he made several journeys into the interior, to discover new tribes and lands, and to collect provisions. But what he carefully gathered together, the

others carelessly squandered. During his absence, moreover, Wingfield and Kendall, who for some time had been living in disgrace, determined either to regain their power or return to England. Supposing the latter project to be the more practicable, they formed a plot for seizing the pinnace, with all the merchandise laid up by Smith on board to exchange for provisions with the natives. They had already in part executed their design, when Smith returned from one of his expeditions, for they were actually on board, and the pinnace was preparing to descend the stream. With his usual promptitude, decision, and courage, he immediately determined what course to take. Bringing up his men to the beach, after vainly inviting the deserters to return to their duty, he poured a volley into the pinnace, whose crew returned the fire, and the action was continued for some time. At length Captain Kendall fell, and the rest surrendered at discretion. Smith had soon afterwards to counteract another project, formed by the actual governor and Captain Archer, to abandon the colony. But the difficulty still was, to obtain provisions; and all Smith's ingenuity was exhausted in the endeavor to secure a supply. Corn, however, he at length obtained from the natives; and on the setting in of winter, the rivers were so crowded with swans, geese, ducks and cranes, that they every day feasted with good bread, Virginia pease, pumpkins, fish and fowl, and the flesh of various wild animals as fat as they could eat them.

On his next voyage, Smith, leaving his pinnace in a bay, proceeded up a small river in a canoe, with two Englishmen and two natives. His adventurous spirit rendered him incapable of fear. Taking along with him a single savage as a guide, he went forth in search of game, but was suddenly attacked by about two hundred natives, who, discharging their arrows, sought to cut him off in a distant skirmish. Observing, apparently, that they endeavored to spare the guide, as their countryman, he bound him to his arm with his garters, and used his body, as he says, as a buckler. After killing two of the enemy, and receiving several wounds, he was surrounded, and taken prisoner.

As the colony depended chiefly upon Smith for its preservation, the news of his capture spread dismay through Jamestown, every one there giving him up entirely for lost. He contrived, however, to inspire his savage captors with respect. Immediately after he had been taken prisoner, they tied him to a tree, intending to shoot him; but the chief, to whom he had made the present of a compass, together with a long speech on the use and value of it, which the savages probably admired because they did not understand, came forward and released him.

This, however, was a mere temporary deliverance. The design of the natives evidently was to fatten and eat him, which they relinquished and resumed several times during his captivity. Recent accounts have made us well acquainted with the manners of the North American Indians; which have, moreover, been so frequently delineated in fiction, that it would be quite superfluous to describe them again. We leave, therefore, to the reader's imagination the fantastic shows they exhibited, and the antics they performed before their prisoner. First, however, the queen brought him water to wash with, and another woman a bunch of feathers, to be used instead of a napkin, to dry his hands, while the rest prepared him a banquet in their most sumptuous manner. At the *dénouement* of the piece, they placed his head upon a flat stone, while two or three chiefs, with heavy clubs in their hands, drew near, with many fearful exhibitions of ferocity, to dash out his brains. At this moment, Pocahontas, the favorite daughter of the great chief, rushed forward, and, seizing his head in her arms, uttered many entreaties that his life might be spared; but when she found that these were all unavailing, she placed her own head upon that of the prisoner, intimating that they should kill her before they touched him. Upon this, Powhatan, her father, granted him his pardon; and shortly afterwards it was agreed that he should be sent to Jamestown, upon his promise to give them two great guns and a grindstone; the chief adding, that he would bestow on him a large tract of country, and regard him as his son.

The natives kept their word, and Smith was restored to his countrymen. By way of impressing the persons who accompanied him with a high idea of the English power, they loaded two or three pieces of cannon with stones, and discharged them at some immense trees covered with icicles, which coming down with a crash, mingled with boughs and branches, so terrified the savages, that they ran away. Coming back, however, when their fear was over, they received numerous presents for the chiefs and the women, and returned to their tribe, extremely pleased, and impressed with strong gratitude to Smith.

The principal authorities at Jamestown, who in character and manners were little better than freebooters, now once more formed a plan for making their escape in the pinnace, in which they were again foiled by Smith. In revenge for this disappointment, they laid their heads together, and sought to put him to death, in conformity with the Levitical law, because, as they affirmed, he had occasioned the loss of the two men who accompanied him when he was taken prisoner. Smith soon proved, however, that he under-

stood both law and lawyers. By calling in adroitly the assistance of the latter, he caught his enemies in a net, and sent them home for trial to England.

Great difficulties were meanwhile experienced in obtaining subsistence, and the efforts of the colonists would, to all appearance, have failed without the aid of the beautiful young savage, Pocahontas, who seems to have conceived a distaste for the society of her countrymen, and a strong passion for Europeans. Attended by a number of other women, she brought them an abundance of provisions, remained some time at Jamestown, and then returned to her tribe.

Shortly after, Captain Newport arrived from England, bringing with him large quantities of merchandise, and a considerable accession to the colonists. It was now determined to fit out the pinnace for a trading voyage among the natives; and the two captains, Smith and Newport, with a guard of forty men, proceeded on a visit to Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, with whom and another great chief they carried on a profitable trade; after which, they returned laden with provisions to Jamestown.

Scarcely had they arrived before a great fire broke forth in the fort, which consumed whatever was combustible — houses, arms, provisions, palisades — leaving them almost at the mercy of the savages. It would be more agreeable could we, consistently with truth, describe our countrymen engaged in those adventures as upright and romantic men, charitably disposed towards each other, and remarkable for their integrity in their general dealings with mankind. Unfortunately, the reverse of all this was the case. They were selfish, mean, and plotting, eager for gain and for present enjoyment, regardless of the contrivances by which they enriched themselves. The same thing is true of nearly all the founders of new settlements. Good, therefore, in all such instances, may truly be said to come out of evil. Newport and his comrades, converting their ship into a floating tavern, practised every kind of extortion upon the colonists; many of whom, disciplined by adversity, would seem already to have acquired a superior theory of human duties. Then Hunt, the preacher, a stern Puritan, when he lost all his books and property in the fire, never uttered a murmur, but set himself patiently about repairing the damage, and enduring, with true Christian stoicism, the evils he found to be unavoidable. He would appear to have succeeded in imparting the same virtue of fortitude to many others, especially to his friend Smith, who, on all occasions, gave proof of great qualities, which fitted him to become the founder of a new state.

He was still, however, without much rec-

ognized authority; indeed, the general body of the settlers acted in an extremely independent manner, yielding obedience to this or that person, just as it suited their own views and predilections. At one time, they seemed to have anticipated our contemporary discoveries in California and Australasia, and exhibited all the impassioned eagerness now shown by those who rush to the gold-mines in the northern or southern hemispheres. An auriferous sand, or rather a sand of a gold color, having been discovered in Virginia, the colonists would for some time hear of nothing but collecting it and shipping it for England, where it was found to be worthless.

Meanwhile, the neglect of other kinds of industry had left them in so miserable a condition that half their number perished in the severe winter of 1607. Fresh causes of quarrel arose continually between them and the natives, who strove, by every sort of device, to obtain possession of European arms. Powhatan and his tribe particularly distinguished themselves in this contest; and, had it not been for the influence of Pocahontas, a war of extermination would even then have been commenced. No one can doubt that, in dealing with savages, the most humane policy is the best; but it is not always humane to wink at their delinquencies — to suffer them to acquire the belief that they are regarded with apprehension. Reflection and experience had taught Captain Smith that the contrary course was the most prudent; and he constantly endeavored, therefore, to inspire the natives with the belief that he possessed the power to cut them off in an instant from the face of the earth, but abstained from using it through kindness and good-will.

On the arrival of the *Phoenix*, under Captain Wilson, the colonists enjoyed many advantages. The merchandise from England was disposed of in a liberal manner, and the greatest harmony prevailed among the mariners and the settlers. A cargo of cedar was shipped for England; and this, it has been said, was the only profitable return sent home for many years from Virginia. With the *Phoenix*, Captain Martin, who had been active in collecting the gold, returned home in broken health, leaving the colonists to their own devices.

Captain Smith now fitted up the pinnace, and set out on a trading voyage, during which he discovered the Bay of Chesapeake. Had he been accompanied by a man capable of writing the history of that voyage, it would alone have formed a charming volume: as it is, we find nothing but a repetition of similar small adventures, insignificant encounters with savages, transparent stratagems, and hasty examination of unknown islands. On one of these, Captain Smith was nearly slain by accident. Their provisions running short,

he observed in very shallow water an immense number of fishes, which could be pierced with a sword. He therefore set his crew the example, and made in this way a great addition to their stock of provisions. While plunging into a sort of skate, a bony projection on the back ran into his wrist, and wounded him deeply. No blood flowed; but immediately his arm began to swell, and the pain became so intense that it was believed by all present that death must speedily ensue. Smith himself was of this opinion, and gave orders that his grave should be dug on an isle, which obtained from this circumstance the name of Sting-ray Isle. It was not, however, decreed that his career should then come to a close. There happened to be among the crew a certain Dr. Russell, who, applying oil to the wound, assuaged the pain, and effected a cure.

After this they returned to Jamestown, where they found the affairs of the settlement in the greatest confusion. Ratliffe, the president, appears to have been a mere vulgar epicurean, who aimed at nothing but to insure his own personal enjoyment, wasting the means and provisions of the colonists, and uselessly exhausting their energies by erecting for himself pleasure-houses in the woods, and pursuing other fantastical undertakings. Smith was a man swift to resolve and bold to act. In conjunction with the other settlers, he deposed Ratliffe, and, having set up his friend Scrivener in his place, departed on a second voyage, to complete his discovery of the Bay of Chesapeake.

Their adventures on this second expedition exactly resembled those they had previously encountered. The natives were sometimes hostile, sometimes friendly — now deceived by a strange display of power on the part of the Europeans, now overreached by their stratagems, and now aiming at subduing them in their turn by savage treachery. On the whole, however, they conducted themselves towards our countrymen much better than they deserved. One gigantic tribe offered them every kind of advantage, if they would join them in exterminating their enemies; but, for various reasons, Smith declined all their offers, although he conducted himself towards them with much civility. On this occasion one of their companions died, and was buried on a sweep of the shore, upon which, after him, they bestowed the name of Fetherstone Bay. Xenophon, in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, speaking of two distinguished generals, his companions, says they were "blameless in war and friendship." The historian of Virginia pronounces a like encomium upon Fetherstone. All the time, he says, he had been in this country, he behaved himself honestly, valiantly, and industriously. They buried him with a volley of

shot, as became a brave man, and handed down his name to posterity.

Having, to the utmost of their power, surveyed Chesapeake Bay, and entered, as far as practicable, into friendly relations with the natives, they returned to Jamestown in the month of September, 1608. Here they found the affairs of the colony in great confusion. Ratliffe, the former president, having endeavored to recover his authority, had been apprehended and put in prison for mutiny. Scrivener, and many others, whom Smith had left sick at his departure, were now recovered; but many, likewise, were dead. The new governor had performed his duties well; and, among other things, had carefully gathered in the harvest, though a portion of their stock of provisions, apparently through the negligence of the superintendents, had been spoiled by the rain. In Captain Smith's apprehension, nearly the whole summer had been wasted through the misgovernment of Ratliffe, nothing whatever having been effected for the public good, save the discovery of the Bay of Chesapeake, for which no credit was due to the president.

On the 16th of September, three days after his return, Captain Smith was himself elected president, and received the letters-patent from the British government, appointing him to that honor. He had frequently before this been importuned to take the management of the colony upon him, but had hitherto declined, not seeing his way clearly, and apparently wishing to deserve his promotion before he received it. One of his first acts was to restrain the building of Ratliffe's palace, which he regarded as a needless thing. The church, however, was repaired; a new store-house constructed; and other buildings were set on foot for the reception of the supplies they expected. The greatest activity now pervaded every branch of the public service. Smith's energy seemed to have been imparted to all around him. The fort, hitherto irregular, was now reduced to a square form; the order of the watch renewed; the squadrons at each setting of the watch were trained. The whole company was exercised every Saturday on the plain by the western bulwark, prepared for that purpose, and called Smithfield. Here more than a hundred savages would sometimes stand, in amazement, to behold the exercise of the troops in gunnery, &c. These simple people were now so thoroughly subdued to fear of the strangers, that from their newly-gathered harvests they were easily induced to supply them with abundance of provisions. Nevertheless, even in their intercourse with them, the English continued to make mistakes — now treating the chiefs with all the honors due to power, then slighting them, and irritating their feelings by contempt and neglect. Smith was



well aware of the imprudence of the course thus adopted; and, had his authority been allowed to prevail, a policy wiser by far would have influenced the proceedings. But, although he had been chosen president, men divided in opinions from him were elected to the council; and when a new "supply" arrived from Europe, these new members actually formed a majority.

While some of the colonists were preparing for an expedition of discovery in search of gold and other riches, Smith undertook a journey to Powhatan, to persuade the prince to come to Jamestown to receive the presents of the English. The others feared to march, unless with a strong armed force, but the president took only four companions. With them he passed through the wild country to the river Pawmanhee. This he crossed in an Indian canoe, and, reaching the opposite side, entered upon a fertile and beautiful plain. Here they made a fire, spread some mats around it, and sat down; but they had not reposed long before there was heard among the woods on all sides a hideous concert of shouts and yells, long shrill cries and whoops, that seemed as though some savage king, with all his nation, was coming down upon them. They seized their arms and prepared to fight; but presently Pocahontas came running through the grass, and, with several companions, approached the little camp. She assured Captain Smith that no harm was intended, and that she pledged her life for his safety. It was not long before he saw the unreasonableness of his fears. Thirty young women, girdled with green leaves, and their bodies painted in variegated colors, came out of the forests, dancing towards them. Their leader had a pair of buck's horns on her head, an otter's skin hanging from her waist, and another over her arm. On her back was a quiver full of arrows, and in her hand a bow. Some of them had clubs, which they flourished with surprising energy, until, reaching the fire, they ranged themselves in a circle round it, and sang and danced with the wildest melody, and in the most fantastic measure, for upwards of an hour. Then suddenly the whole troop fled off, and plunged into the woods. Presently, however, some of them returned with an invitation for Captain Smith to visit Powhatan. He went forward, arrived at the town, and was entertained in a glade by torchlight. The young women of the village pressed round him, crowding, and hanging over him, and continually crying: "Love you not me! Love you not me!" which the Englishman understood to be their mode of welcome. Their feast, however, was very delicate, and Smith enjoyed it much; especially as the young ladies were in attendance, some singing, some dancing, others waiting on him. They then took

their flambeaus, and conducted him to the spacious wigwams, where, with his companions, he was to lodge that night.

Next morning, Powhatan came to the hut. Smith delivered his message, and requested him to come to Jamestown, and receive the gifts which had been sent to him from England, so that peace might be concluded with the Monacans. The savage, having learned his own consequence from the imprudent servility of the colonists, refused to go, and accordingly the gifts were sent to him by water. The scene at his coronation was curious. The Indians and the white men met on the plain near Powhatan. A basin and ewer, a bed and its furniture, were presented to the king; then a suit of clothes, with a scarlet cloak, was put upon him, and he was desired to kneel, that a crown might be placed on his head. This, for a long while, he could not be persuaded to do, since he neither understood the ceremony of kneeling nor the use of a crown; but at last he stooped, and the gilded hoop was laid upon his brow, while, simultaneously, a volley was fired from the boats, which made his majesty start and tremble with fear. At length the show was concluded, and the English flattered themselves that they had come to amicable terms with the barbarians. Returning to Jamestown, however, they found that all their devices were in vain, for the tribes were still suspicious, if not hostile, and that nothing but hard exertions on their own part could secure them either safety or abundance.

These exertions Captain Smith stimulated by every possible means. He was perpetually active. Some of the men he sent about to collect pitch, tar and soap-ashes, and some to hew timber in the woods. They who were discontented, says the quaint historian, drowned the noise of every third blow by a curse, which induced the president to make a rule against swearing. Every man's oaths uttered during the day were to be counted, and for each offence he was to have a gallon of water poured down his sleeve. So effectual was this punishment that in future there was scarcely one profane expression heard in a week. While employed in this manner, nevertheless, Smith was resolved not to permit the hostility of the Indians to be triumphant. He saw that it was Powhatan's policy to starve the invaders of his soil away. A small expedition was therefore sent up the river, and a supply of corn extorted by threats of force. With such a leader, and such capacities as the country possessed, a rapid prosperity might no doubt have been enjoyed, had not the sordid passions of the colonists neutralized every endeavor. Each man cared more to carry on a traffic surreptitiously on his own account,

than to labor for the general welfare of the settlement. The public stores were robbed; axes, chisels, pikeheads, powder, shot, and muskets, were stolen, to exchange with the savages for furs and other commodities, or with the sailors for provisions. About this time, a ship returned to England, and although the Virginian colony itself sent back but little tokens of its future wealth, several private consignments of large value were made to traders in London.

There now remained about two hundred persons in Virginia, kept miserable by the selfishness of individuals, and perpetually in danger of being starved, either on account of the poverty or the hostile feeling of the savages. Several parties were sent up the rivers to search for corn, and frighten the tribes; and the adventures they met with, and the privations they endured, were of a singular kind. But little grain was collected, though the Indians, on condition of being spared that season, promised to plant a full harvest for the next year. It was in the month of December, 1607, that the first marriage with Christian rites took place in Virginia. Anne Burras was married to John Laydon, and the link was riveted between the races of the Old World and the soil of the New.

Captain Smith was resolved that, as every negotiation with Powhatan had failed, he should be brought to reason by the fear, if not the actual force, of arms. Some of the council, who were plotting the ruin of his character in England, did their best to impede the execution of this bold project, the success of which would blow their insinuations to the winds; but the president was not to be deterred. Powhatan, indeed, had sent a message, that if the English would build him a house, give him a grindstone, fifty swords, some guns, a cock and hen, some copper and some beads, he would load their ship with corn. His habitual duplicity was well known; yet it was determined, without risking the effect of his treachery, to give him the opportunity to redeem this promise. Accordingly, Captain Smith, with forty-six men in the pinnace, and two barges set out upon the adventure. They took provisions for three or four days, but found as they went along plenty of good oysters, fish, flesh, and fowl, with good bread, and fuel to make fires, which reminded them most cheerfully of the Christmas hearths of England. Everywhere they heard warnings of Powhatan's treachery; but they proceeded to his town, and sent him a very friendly message. Then, as had been suspected, he told them that they came uninvited; that his subjects had no corn; and that he could give only forty baskets of grain in exchange for forty swords. In the end, a collision took place between the English and the Indians, for the king endeavored to cut them off by

surprise, which was only prevented by the faithful conduct of Pocahontas, his daughter. From Powhatan, Smith proceeded to another Indian town, Pamunkeke, where the chief, affecting great friendship for his visitors, conceived a cunning plot to murder them. Being in one of the native houses, Smith saw a great concourse of savages without, and their chief near the door, asking him to come forth and receive a present. His military eye, however, detected an ambush, and he desired his companions to guard every entrance. Then watching his opportunity he darted out, seized the old chief by the beard, levelled a pistol against his breast, and led him trembling into the midst of his assembled tribe. This daring act struck terror into the whole multitude. They gave up their leader's arms, and cast down their own; while Smith, still holding his captive by the hair, addressed him in a speech — half of conciliation, half of threats — which had the desired result, for a quantity of provisions were brought, and the assembly dispersed in apparent amity.

It may, perhaps, be as well to introduce here a sketch of the story of Pocahontas. She was twelve or thirteen years of age when she first became known to Smith, by her compassionate interference on his behalf. After his release, he was conducted, as we have said, to Jamestown, whose few occupants were reduced to a miserable condition by want of food. It was only through the charity of the beautiful young savage that relief was obtained. She caused supplies to be sent; she appeased the bitter strife which arose among the settlers; she warned them of treachery when it was meditated by her countrymen. Alone and in the night she travelled through the woods, to give Smith notice of an intended attack; and to her he ascribes the preservation of the colony from famine, confusion, and utter ruin. After he sailed for England, there was a struggle between the white men and the Indians, which was prolonged throughout two years. During that period, Pocahontas was never heard of. At the end of it, she was accidentally made prisoner, and detained, a circumstance owing to which peace was afterwards concluded. She lived contentedly among the English for two years, gradually laying aside her barbarous habits, and softening her manners into those of civilization.

Among the settlers was Mr. John Rolfe, an English gentleman, who felt a strong interest in the kind-hearted young captive, who had been like a Providence to the colony. He assiduously labored to instruct her in Christianity, and with so much success, that she at length renounced the Red Indian idolatry, and embraced the religion of her new friends. Mr. Rolfe then felt that his solicitude was not

of a common kind, but the sign of a powerful affection. He married this beautiful princess of the Virginian woods, who now assumed the name of Rebecca. She soon afterwards accompanied her husband to England. "The first Christian ever of that nation," says Smith, "the first Virginian that ever spake English, or had a child in marriage by an Englishman—a matter surely, if my meaning be truly considered and well understood, worthy a princess understanding."

Mr. Rolfe, though a gentleman, was too poor to appear at court with his Red Indian bride; Smith, therefore, presented a memorial to the queen, praying that a pension might be bestowed on her suitable to her rank and great services to the English. She appeared to feel that she was ungratefully neglected at the palace, where it was not the habit in those days to patronize any one who deserved it. When Smith, with some of his friends, went to see her at Brentford, she modestly welcomed him, but hid her face, and said nothing; upon which he began to fear he was wrong to tell the queen she could speak English. Presently, however, she began to talk, and spoke of her services to the settlers in New England. "You did promise Powhatan," she said, "that what was yours should be his, and he the like to you; you called him father, as being a stranger in his land, and for the same reason I must call you so." Smith politely excused himself from so great an honor, "because she was a king's daughter." But she added: "Were you not afraid to come into my father's country, and cause fear in him and all his people (except in me), and do you here fear that I shall call you father? I tell you, then, that I will; and you shall call me child; and so I will be, forever and ever, your country-woman."

Many persons of great opulence and rank partly atoned to her by their kindness for the cold neglect of the court, until at length the king and queen were shamed into their duty, received her at the palace, and affected to hold her in high esteem. Lady Delaware and her husband made her their companion throughout a whole season of festivals, masques, and entertainments; and she was the most remarkable person in London at that time. Her appearance and behavior were so engaging, that all classes of people were anxious to receive her at their houses; and she was dragged through such a series of excitements and dissipation, that it probably destroyed her constitution, and hastened her death. Certain it is, that when, in 1617, she was preparing to accompany her husband on a new expedition to Virginia, she fell a victim at Gravesend to the climate, or the habits of the country. She would appear to have been a thorough convert to Christianity.

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to have felt its influence, and to have understood its spirit far better than could have been expected from her savage education. Her little son, Thomas Rolfe, was educated at Plymouth by Sir Lewis Stukely; and there are still persons in England who may trace their descent from the Virginian princess, Pocahontas, who was probably much happier in her wild woods than when toiling through the laborious amusements of the English capital.

The poor princess shared with her father a belief that the English were great liars. Imagining that he had been deceived by their reports respecting the population of their country, he sent over one of his tribe to number the people. This sage began at Plymouth, walking about with a stick in his hand, making a notch for every man he saw. "But quickly," says Smith, "was he weary of that task," especially when he stood on London Bridge, where he saw more people in an hour than he ever before beheld in his life. Among his duties were those of seeing "the Christian God, the king, the queen, and prince." On the first point, Smith satisfied him as well as he could; and, with regard to the others, said they were indescribable, and his friend must wait till he saw them.

Meanwhile, at Jamestown, a disaster happened—the deputy-president and ten others were drowned off the coast. A messenger was sent to find Captain Smith; and after many dangers encountered while travelling alone through a wild country, swarming with savages, he succeeded in overtaking him. Smith, hearing the unhappy news, resolved to conceal it from the company, and hastened his return down the river. But, Powhatan having threatened to kill all his fighting-men if they failed by some means or other to compass the death of the whites, this journey was one of no ordinary danger. Every stratagem was used to obstruct their progress, and lure them into an unguarded position. At sunrise the fields along both banks "appeared covered with baskets and men," to tempt them on shore. The king himself once came down to the stream with a train of people bearing corbells full of grain; but whenever the English approached, the savages were observed, though with hesitation and timidity, to fit their arrows in the string. All this ended in bravado, and the adventurers reached Jamestown without receiving a single injury or shedding one drop of blood. From this time, however, continual hostilities, harmless but irritating, took place with the Indians. Among the adventures of Smith, one was so curious, and is told by the historian with such comical quaintness, that we must quote the original account. The reader will perceive what a ludicrous style of spelling is used:—

"By the way, he encountered the king of Paspahagh, a most strong stout salvage, whose persuasions not being able to persuade him to his ambush, seeing him only armed but with a faucheon, attempted to have shot him; but the president prevented his shooting by grappling with him, and the salvage so well prevented him for drawing his faucheon, and perforce bore him into the river to have drowned him. Long they struggled in the water, till the president got such a hold of his throat, he had neare strangled the king; but having drawne his faucheon to cut off his head, seeing how pitifully he begged for his life, he led him prisoner to Jamestown, and put him in chaynes." On the other hand, an Englishman, named Parker, fell into the hands of the Indian prince, Powhatan, who, however, so far from taking away his life, appears to have used him sufficiently well, although he effectually prevented his escape. Three years after, when Smith was encamping on the hunting-grounds of this chief, Parker came to the tents, but in complexion and general appearance so completely like a Red Indian, that he could only be recognized by his language. He desired to be ransomed, but the king refused to accede, observing: "You have one of my daughters, and I am content; yet you cannot see one of your men with me but you must have him away." He went to his dwelling in a passion, but at midnight came and waked Smith, saying that Parker should be released on condition of some presents being sent him; which was accordingly done.

The progress of the settlement itself now became more cheering. Quantities of tar, pitch, and soap-ashes, were collected; a successful experiment was made in the manufacture of glass; twenty new houses were built, with a more convenient church; and nets for fishing were manufactured. To defend themselves, the colonists also erected two or three wooden forts or block-houses; and, to provide for the next year, planted nearly forty acres with vegetables and grain. Their three swine, within eighteen months, multiplied to more than sixty; while numbers of common fowl were bred without cost or trouble. All this, however, was only provision for a more fortunate season to come, and the actual state of the settlers was greatly depressed. Half their corn had rotted, or been eaten by the rats; and although the savages brought large supplies of turkeys, squirrels, and other food, they were glad to pick up acorns in the forest. However, when necessity had forced them to greater exertions, their fisheries yielded an abundance of food. They caught more sturgeons than they or their dogs could consume; and this, with roots and herbs, and a little bread, enabled them to live, without adding to their misfortunes and dangers the last

sufferings of privation. Sometimes a small party went up the country to search for corn. Everywhere, in the unmeasured solitude, they saw plains and valleys, where man might thrive and multiply; where the rivers were full, the soil rich, the materials of trade abundant; where fields could be ploughed and cities built; where ships could ride at anchor, and a great state be erected, stored with all the treasures, graced by all the arts, and defended by all the strength, of civilization. For three months they lived in this manner on fish and wild herbs, roots and fruits.

In 1609, a new supply came out from England, consisting, when it sailed, of nine ships, with 500 people; but these, by storms and other accidents, were much reduced before they reached Virginia. Smith, when they came, was engaged in defending the settlement from attacks made on it from all sides by the savages. The term of his presidency had expired; but so brave, so virtuous, so patriotic was he considered, that no man dared to succeed him, and he was unanimously called a second time to fill that honorable position. Whether engaged in quieting the turbulence and soothing the dissensions of his own people, or driving back the Indians, he exhibited invariably the same disinterestedness, prudence and valor. In spite of all this, his administration was not acceptable to the London Company, which only desired a sudden accumulation of wealth, the discovery of mines and metals, and the opening of a passage to the South Seas. In May, 1609, therefore, they obtained a second charter, which entirely deranged the rights of the old colonists who had emigrated under the privileges of the former one. This was granted to twenty-one peers, ninety-eight knights, and a multitude of esquires, doctors and others, who named Lord Delaware as governor, with authority to supersede the existing administration. When, therefore, a new disembarkation took place, new officers were appointed, or rather usurped authority; the old flatterers of Captain Smith deserted him to fawn on them, and he was compelled to allow them their way. They called on him to resign his commission; but this he refused to do, although preparing to leave the colony at once, and proceed to England. An accident he met with, from an explosion of gunpowder, which there was no medical skill at hand to cure, was the principal reason of his wish to depart.

The little settlement had been raised by Smith into a condition of comparative prosperity. There were three ships, seven boats, commodities ready for trade, the harvest nearly gathered in, ten weeks' provisions in the stores, and nearly 500 persons able and bound by their duty to labor together for

the general good. There were twenty pieces of artillery—rude indeed, but formidable to the savages—300 muskets and firelocks, plenty of powder, match and shot, pikes, swords and other arms, with all the miscellaneous instruments of war. The languages, the habits, the manners and the haunts, of the native tribes, were well known, and more than a hundred trained men were ready to repel their assaults. There had been collected nets for fishing, tools for all sorts of work, clothes for summer and winter. Six mares and a horse, nearly 600 swine, as many hens and chickens, some goats and sheep, formed the live-stock of the colony. The town itself consisted of from fifty to sixty houses, and was strongly fortified with palisaded lines. Besides these; five or six forts had been erected as outposts on commanding sites in the vicinity. All this was the work of a very mixed collection of individuals; for the first settlers in Virginia were not of that hardy character which the founders of a colony should be. There was only one carpenter, with two blacksmiths and two sailors; the rest were poor gentlemen, tradesmen, footmen, and adventurers, by no means of the proper description to form the fathers of a new commonwealth. A few Dutchmen and a few Poles were among the number; but these, though accustomed to activity, neither contributed by their peaceful conduct nor by the purity of their morals to the welfare of the young community.

Confusion in the colony followed the departure of Captain Smith. Large parties were cut off by the savages; a division of authority produced entire disorganization; improvidence wasted the stores which had been accumulated; and the settlers fell into the last stage of abasement and misery. Within six months after the loss of their virtuous president, the number at Jamestown was not more than sixty, including women and children. They had to feed on roots, herbs, acorns, walnuts, and berries, with now and then a scanty supply of fish. They ate their starch, and at last even the skins of their horses. "Nay, so great," says the narrator, "was our famine, that a salvage we slew and buried, the poorer sort took him up again and eat him, and so did divers one another, boyled and stewed with roots and herbs. And one amongst the rest did kill his wife, powdered her, and had eaten part of her before it was knowne, for which he was executed, as he well deserved. Now, whether she was better roasted, boyled, or carbonadoed, I know not; but of such a dish as powdered wife I never heard."

They had now reached that stage of destitution, that in ten days more not one would probably have survived. In this extremity, how great must their happiness have been

when the sail of a ship was descried, and Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Summers, with 150 men, arrived to the succor of the colony!

Meanwhile, Captain John Smith became so famous in England, that his adventures were dramatized, and represented on the stage. This annoyed him much, although the applause of his countrymen was no doubt grateful to his ears.

In 1615, he was employed by many of his friends, and some wealthy knights of the city of London, to undertake an adventure to New England, there to try the experiment of a fresh plantation. After many delays, he sailed from Plymouth with two small ships and a very scanty company. His encounters with Algerine pirates and French privateers, with a mutinous crew, and at length when captured by a French vessel, were extraordinary, as indeed the whole tenor of his life had been. His captors were in strong force, and cruised from sea to sea in search of prizes, keeping him a close prisoner in the cabin of one of their small ships. First they took an English vessel from Newfoundland, then a boat's load of marmalade and sugar from a Scotchman trading to Bristol, then a Brazilian caravel, with a valuable cargo, and 30,000 pieces of silver; a Dutch merchantman and a West India man-of-war were their next prizes, so that their booty must have been very considerable. However, Smith was not a man to remain in confinement with docility. He continually meditated escape; and one night, when near the French coast, crept into a boat, paddled away by the aid of a half-pike, and, after tossing and driving in the midst of a heavy rain for twelve hours, was fortunate enough to reach Rochelle. Thence he returned to England.

In his new voyage to the countries of the Western World Smith added largely to the geographical knowledge of Europe. He wandered through the regions to the north of Virginia, explored their rivers, conversed with their wild tribes, collected specimens of their natural wealth, opened a profitable traffic with the Indians, noted down all his observations, and employed a part of his crew to make a map of his surveys. Next he sailed to Massachusetts Bay, searched it from horn to horn, travelled through the broad provinces which spread their waste fertility around, and gathered everywhere knowledge of the wealth, the salubrity, and the magnificence of that new continent, then rising as though from between two oceans to the commerce and population of the ancient world. It was not long before, on that very coast thus ranged by the enterprise of John Smith, the Pilgrim Fathers erected the first state of New England, which formed the nucleus of the imperial union, now acknowledged the equal of the oldest kingdoms on the globe. Virginia itself, even be-



fore its founder died, flourished in great prosperity, being covered with plantations, and freighting annually with its produce nearly 200 ships.

Captain Smith, however, after so much toil, so many dangers, so many changes of fortune, felt inclined at length to enjoy a short repose. Therefore, when he had explored the shores of the Bay of Massachusetts, he resolved to extend his researches no further, but returned to England, where probably he expected to be blessed with the honors and the peace of a ripe old age. But his many labors had worn out his constitution; perhaps, too, the ingratitude of those whom he had served preyed upon his mind. Whether this was so or not, he was prematurely cut off, dying on the 21st of June, 1631, at the age of only fifty-two years.

Even in his own time, however, the public was forward to recognize his merits. Among the literary and scientific men of his age, he enjoyed the friendship of many; and a whole host of poets, good, bad and indifferent, eagerly undertook to celebrate his name. But in a historical point of view he has not been fortunate, for although his merits and discoveries are acknowledged, they have not hitherto been properly described, or even enumerated, so as to be rendered familiar to the world. When, however, the United States come to erect statues to their founders, they will probably go back to the times of James I., and set up the effigy of Captain John Smith in the Capitol at Washington. His own rude narrative is not sufficient to embalm his memory. A biographer equal to the task, with a taste for romantic adventures, and acquainted with the various scenes on which he exhibited his valor, would, by patiently following the footsteps of this old English hero, be sure to interest the lovers of the wild and wonderful in both hemispheres. We have ourselves attempted nothing but a slight sketch; yet, even from what we have said, the reader will, we trust, have formed no mean idea of the courage, fortitude and enterprising spirit, of Captain John Smith, who, considering the extent of his labors, the benefits he conferred on the colonists, and the rough but effectual diplomacy by which he sought to impress the natives with a lofty opinion of the English settlers, will be acknowledged to deserve the name we have bestowed, as being the true Founder of the Colony of Virginia.

THE illustrious naturalist Squallanzani, in the end of throwing light on the theory of the digestive functions, pursued upon himself a course of the most dangerous experiments; for instance, he would introduce into his stomach various aliments enveloped in little linen bags, and would swallow tubes filled with certain substances. He died in 1798.

From the Examiner.

*History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena; from the Letters and Journals of the late Lieut-General Sir Hudson Lowe, and Official Documents not before made public.* By WILLIAM FORSYTH, M.A., Author of "Hortensius," &c. 3 vols. Murray.

We are disposed to doubt whether Mr. Forsyth exercised a wise discretion in altering the plan of publication laid down by the late Sir Harris Nicolas, to whom the Lowe papers were first entrusted. We are told that it was the purpose of Sir Harris Nicolas to print all the documents in chronological order, "connecting them with a slender thread of explanatory remark." Mr. Forsyth objects that such a publication might have extended over eight or nine volumes. We are all, however, accustomed to receive a multitude of volumes upon single subjects of comparatively small importance, in the form of memoirs "pour servir." The public, therefore, would have seen no reason to complain of the space occupied by a complete publication of the documents illustrating a historical fact so important as the captivity of Napoleon, and containing the materials for a true and final judgment on the vexed question of his treatment as a captive. It seems to us that Mr. Forsyth did not regard his subject with the eyes of a historian when he objected further that a complete publication of all new documents bearing with any real force of evidence upon the subject would "suffocate its interest under a mass of minute detail." We should very much rather have been suffocated with detail even in ten volumes, than, according to the plan now chosen, be suffocated in three volumes with advocacy. Mr. Forsyth has regarded the unpublished documents committed to his editorship as "materials for a narrative" of his own, has "treated them as the hewn stones out of which the fabric of a history was to be constructed;" and of that history the main object is too clearly to oppose, against harsh and in a great degree unjust criticism, a vindication of the whole conduct at St. Helena of Sir Hudson Lowe. In appendices comparatively brief, Mr. Forsyth publishes, because he thinks people would "require to see in *extenso*, all the documents which support the views put forward in the narrative."

We do not for an instant doubt that Mr. Forsyth believes the views put forward in his narrative to be correct, but we should infinitely have preferred to have had all the documents submitted to the world by an editor who had no views of his own to put forward at all. Beyond a question Sir Hudson Lowe has been in many respects grossly calumniated; but even supposing that the public is more anxious to have minute in-

formation about Sir Hudson Lowe than about Napoleon, and to come to the precise truth about Sir Hudson as the most interesting personage at Saint Helena, still these volumes could give only partial satisfaction. Mr. Forsyth tells us, that, having all the papers before him, he endeavored to form his opinion upon evidence; and, having formed it, he appears to have selected for use those parts of evidence on which he most relied. Yet it is certain that, upon such evidence as he does adduce, the opinions given by him seem by no means to be free from bias. The most unprejudiced reader, and, more than that, many a reader perfectly disposed to believe all good of Sir Hudson Lowe and prepossessed with a strong dislike for Napoleon, will hardly be able to read these volumes without feeling that the documents contained in them frequently suggest far other comments than those of which they are made the basis. While no opportunity is omitted of putting the best construction on the acts of the late governor, it never occurs to Mr. Forsyth that there is any allowance ever to be made for the French exiles, who were also placed in a position at least as peculiar as that of Sir Hudson Lowe; and one too that might be made, and we do not hesitate to say after reading the papers in these volumes, in spite of Mr. Forsyth's contrary interpretation, *was* made, in the highest degree galling. Never was it rendered more manifest than in this history, in short, that Napoleon at St. Helena was not treated with becoming generosity.

We acquit, as History will certainly acquit, Sir Hudson Lowe of everything that can cast any cloud upon his character as an officer and a man in trust. He acted up to his instructions. His fault was, that he did nothing else; that was the beginning and the end of him. Undoubtedly Napoleon was little-minded and not scrupulous about the truth; Montholon was still less scrupulous on that head; and the other friends who shared his exile, especially Las Cases, were led, by bitter feelings and French ignorance of English ways, into ridiculous misunderstandings that kept up incessant irritation. It required great tact to manage the community at Longwood, and the one grand fault of Sir Hudson Lowe was that he had no tact at all. He was a good average officer of the old school, with his instructions in his pocket, and his whole soul (as an official person) swaddled in buckram. The tory government might undoubtedly have provided for the security of the important prisoner by the use of precautions in several respects less offensive than it was imposed upon the Governor of St. Helena to carry out. The instructions, however, as they were, might have been carried out to the letter (as a point of duty) in a way that could have conveyed no personal offence.

A little geniality of manner, a little of the man of the world's readiness to oblige by the concession of all trifles, to humor whims, to soften down with polite words, dear to all Frenchmen, any disagreeable fact that might arise — a few smiles and cheap courtesies, in a word — would have won their way and made a smooth path for the governor. Sir Hudson Lowe, as we are told by Mr. Forsyth, caused even "favorable friends" to say of him that his "manner was not prepossessing." He was utterly unfit for the delicate task of managing the Longwood people. He was a martinet, who dryly acted up to his instructions, and annoyed by his very literalness and imperturbability. Napoleon looked forward with pleasure to his arrival, but the first sight of his face created a revulsion of feeling. He was evidently the wrong man. At the first interview between Napoleon and Sir Hudson, Napoleon lay indisposed on his bed, and there was a cup of coffee on the table between him and the new governor. After the interview was over, Napoleon ordered the coffee to be thrown away, saying in discontent that Sir Hudson's face had poisoned it.

Sir Hudson only obtained five interviews with Napoleon, and by his fatal want of tact always mismanaged the conversation. Napoleon was generally warm, sometimes insulting; but his position prompted warmth, and he appears always to have regretted afterwards that he had allowed himself to be provoked by the dry governor's imperturbability. Mr. Forsyth quotes as in favor of Sir Hudson Lowe Napoleon's expressions to his companions in regret of rudeness into which he had been betrayed. We think that such expressions of annoyance at the want of a due self-control are abundant proof that, by a governor of more tact, Napoleon could have been better managed. It is an illustration of the false tone of advocacy which pervades these volumes, that while Mr. Forsyth gladly avails himself of these regrets of Napoleon as genuine, on behalf of Sir Hudson, he in other parts of his book expresses an opinion that the rudeness of Napoleon was malicious and deliberate, being designed for the purpose of provoking Sir Hudson Lowe, and of leading him to retort, embroil himself, and earn dismissal. We quote a scrap from the journal of Las Cases, which Mr. Forsyth in this way adopts, with Mr. Forsyth's italics:—

After dinner the emperor, conversing on our situation and the conduct of the governor, who came to-day and took a rapid circuit round Longwood, reverted to the subject of the last interview they had had together, and made some striking observations respecting it. "*I behaved very ill to him, no doubt,*" said he, "and nothing but my present situation could excuse me; but I was out of humor, and could

not help it; I should blush for it in any other situation. Had such a scene taken place at the Tuileries I should have felt myself bound in conscience to make some atonement. Never during the period of my power did I speak harshly to any one without afterwards saying something to make amends for it. But here I uttered not a syllable of conciliation, and I had no wish to do so. However, the governor proved himself very insensible to my severity; his delicacy did not seem wounded by it. I should have liked, for his sake, to have seen him evince a little anger, or pull the door violently after him when he went away. This would at least have shown that there was some spring and elasticity about him, but I found nothing of the kind."

To this let us fairly and candidly say, without intending any disrespect to the memory of Sir Hudson Lowe, that in the perusal of Mr. Forsyth's book we have been so much worried by the succession of small difficulties and ridiculous punctilios perpetually arising out of the stiff disposition of the governor, nervously anxious to fulfil his duty to the utmost, and utterly unable to do it in a graceful way, that the heartiest sympathy we ever in our lives felt for Napoleon—a heartier than we had supposed ourselves capable of feeling—has been excited by these pages, in which he is reprobated always as a discontented man, devoting his last years wholly to the annoyance of a wise and upright governor.

The conclusion of the fifth and last interview with Napoleon is thus recorded by Sir Hudson:—

He attacked me about the note which had been sent back to Count Bertrand, saying, "You had no right to put him under arrest; you never commanded armies, you were nothing but the scribe of an *etats-major*. I had imagined I should be well among the English, but you are not an Englishman." He was continuing in this strain, when I interrupted him with saying, "You make me smile, sir." "How smile, sir?" he replied, at the same time turning round with surprise at the remark, and, looking at me, added, "I say what I think." "Yes, sir," I answered, with a tone indicative of the sentiment I felt, and looking at him, "you force me to *smile*; your misconception of my character and the rudeness of your manners excite my *pity*. I wish you good day;" and I left him (evidently a good deal embarrassed) without any other salutation.

The admiral quitted him immediately afterwards with a salute of the hat.

And after Bonaparte's death we have this note of the feeling that had grown up between the governor and the illustrious state prisoner:—

"Well, gentlemen," said Sir Hudson Lowe to Major Gorrequer and Mr. Henry, as they walked together before the door of Plan-

tation House conversing on the character of the deceased, "he was England's greatest enemy, and mine too; but I forgive him everything. On the death of a great man like him, we should only feel deep concern and regret."

A part of Mr. Forsyth's book possessing considerable interest relates to O'Meara, Napoleon's physician, whose violent attacks upon Sir Hudson ensured for him no quarter from Mr. Forsyth. We hold it to be proved by all the evidence adduced in these volumes that O'Meara was a man who utterly disgraced himself. Mr. Forsyth, however, sometimes almost compels us into a friendly feeling towards even him, by his determination to find fault with him and punish him on every occasion. Many of O'Meara's early letters are quoted with a heaviness of censure that their contents do not at all warrant. There is more than enough, however, in these volumes to show that he acted in many respects basely. As simply a spy upon Napoleon, we regret at the same time to say that his position was not peculiar; for it is evident, throughout these volumes, that espionage of an unfair kind was among the means thought indispensable by the home government for the security of the important prisoner. While he reported his observations to Sir Hudson Lowe—though they were then a gross breach of the trust reposed in him by his patient, as gross as any he afterwards committed—no harm appears to have been thought of the proceeding. Sir Hudson wrote in May, 1816, to Lord Bathurst as follows:—

Having found Dr. O'Meara, who was attached to General Bonaparte's family on the removal of his French physician, very useful in giving information in many instances, and as, if removed, it might be difficult to find another person who might be equally agreeable to the general, I have deemed it advisable to suffer him to remain in the family, on the same footing he was before my arrival, until your lordship's pleasure may be known.

Dr. O'Meara, however, shortly afterwards corresponded with Mr. Finlaison, the actuary then officially employed in the Admiralty office; and, through that quasi-official channel, sent secret information on the subject of Napoleon to the Secretary of the Admiralty, Mr. John Wilson Croker, and the other members of the government, which information had not been submitted to Sir Hudson Lowe in St. Helena. We quote a small chain of passages, illustrative of this matter, extracted from some portions of the correspondence.

FROM MR. FINLAISON TO DR. O'MEARA, JULY 3D, 1816.

The moment your letters came they were given to Mr. Croker, who considered them ex-

tremely interesting, and circulated copies among the cabinet ministers; and he desires me to assure you that they never have been, nor shall they hereafter be, seen by any other person. I conjecture also that your letters have even amused his Royal Highness the Prince Regent; they were written with that discrimination, good sense, and *naïveté*, that they could not fail to be acceptable; and I am quite sure that they have done you a great deal of good at the Board; a proof of which is, that the other day Captain Hamilton of the *Havannah*, and Sir E. Thornborough, reported in a public letter that, a few hours after the ship's arrival, a letter was inserted in the *Portsmouth* paper about Bonaparte, and that it had been traced that you were the author of it. Mr. Croker sent for me, and desired me to request you to be careful in respect to your private letters to any other person, as everything now-a-days gets into the papers; but to me he repeated his hopes that you would write in full confidence, and in the utmost possible detail, all the anecdotes you can pick up, resting assured that none but the government ever will see them, and to them they are and must be extremely interesting, as showing the personal feelings of your great state prisoner.

FROM DR. O'MEARA TO MR. FINLAISON, OCTOBER 10TH, 1816.

Some days back Montholon came to me, and, after requesting secrecy if I did not comply with his demand, told me that a letter had been written by him to Sir Hudson Lowe, containing a statement of supposed grievances; that he was very anxious to get the letter known, and that he would wish me to read it. Being anxious to obtain all the information possible to communicate to you, I naturally was very glad of the opportunity, and accepted it. Montholon then asked me to send it to England, in order to have it put in the "*Morning Chronicle*," which I refused to do directly (as I had done once before, when he asked me to send to England his declaration), and only kept the letter for the purpose of taking a copy to send to you. I told Sir Hudson, this day, that Montholon had done so, and that he had given me the letter. He was very much displeased at the idea of its being made known, and also with me for having read it; so that I was obliged in my own defence to make known to him that I was authorized to make communications respecting Bonaparte to the Admiralty. He appeared surprised and annoyed at this, and said that it was not proper; that the Admiralty had nothing to do with what took place respecting him; that he did not communicate it to the Duke of York; that it ought not even to be made known to any of the *cabinet ministers*, except the Secretary of State, with whom he corresponded himself, and that he would make some arrangements accordingly. He added, that my correspondence ought to go through him. I replied very respectfully, that, as I had been in the habit of obeying those received from the Board of Admiralty, under whose orders I naturally was, I had not thought it improper to communicate to

them such information and anecdotes as I thought they might be pleased with, and concluded with submitting to him that it would be much better for me to resign the situation, which I was ready to do. To this he replied, he was far from desiring such a step, and said that the subject altogether required some deliberation, and thus the matter rests. Until, however, I have received directions from you not to correspond, I will continue to do so, or will, as I told him, resign a situation always delicate and now peculiarly and embarrassing so.

#### FROM ANOTHER PART OF THE SAME LETTER.

I beg you not to imagine that I participate in Bonaparte's sentiments because I record his words, or that I by any means vouch for the truth of his assertions; on the contrary, several of them I know to be incorrect (such as Sir Hudson's putting his hand upon his sword, and all that coarse personal abuse and obloquy vented by him, &c.); but as you have said in your confidential letter that Mr. Croker wishes to hear everything that I can pick up concerning him, I have thought it right that ministers should be in possession of his *real* mode of speaking and thinking. You must be well aware that I could not make a practice of communicating Bonaparte's language to Sir Hudson Lowe, as it could not produce any good purpose; on the contrary, could not fail to aggravate and render ten times worse the bad understanding which already prevails between them; and my situation would be converted into that of an *incendiary*; neither am I placed about him as a *spy*. Doubtless I would think it my duty, and would *instantly* communicate to Sir Hudson any suspicions I might have of a plan for taking him off the island, or if I saw any improper communication; or, as I have already done, endeavor to accommodate matters between them. Sir Hudson wishes that I should tell him everything. I am convinced that, on the perusal of the above pages, ministers will be of the same opinion with me, viz., that the disclosure of them indiscriminately could produce no good and could *not fail to do mischief*. I would wish, consistent with Bonaparte's personal security, to ameliorate his situation as much as lay in my power, instead of irritating against him the only person in the island who has it in his power to fulfil that object, by indiscreet communications of, I may say, confidential conversations.

On the 18th December, 1817, Dr. O'Meara

Confessed to the governor on that occasion, after much hesitation and with great reluctance, that, notwithstanding his frequent spontaneous communications to himself, and his series of gossiping and garrulous letters to Mr. Finlaison, from May, 1816, to December, 1817, a period of nearly twenty months, *he was during the whole of that period under a pledge to Napoleon not to reveal the conversations that passed between them, unless they related to his escape!*

Major Gorrequer was desired by the governor to take a note of the expressions used by the

O'Meara, and he put them down in the following words :

"Mr. O'Meara says, he pledges his word to Napoleon Bonaparte not to reveal the conversations that passed between themselves, except that they had a tendency to his (Napoleon Bonaparte's) escape, last May was a twelvemonth."

He then showed O'Meara what he had written, who read it, and said it was what he had expressed, and, if required, he would give it in his own handwriting. The governor then said, "What, sir! and you have then pledged yourself without consulting me about it, or even thinking proper to apprise me of it until now, and you do not blush to own it!"

On the 23d O'Meara wrote a long letter to Sir Hudson Lowe, which is nowhere noticed in his printed works. The reason of this no doubt was that it would have been very difficult to do so without revealing to the world that he had given the pledge of secrecy to Napoleon, which he so repeatedly violated. After saying that his principle was "to forget the conversations he held with his patients on leaving the room, unless as far as regarded his allegiance as a British officer to his sovereign and country," and that, if he had consented to report to the governor *verbatim* his conversations with Bonaparte, he would have acted "a most base and dishonorable part," and in fact been a "spy" and a "mouton," and that "such conduct would cover his name with well-merited infamy, and render him unfit for the society of any man of honor," he thus proceeded to develop his conception of the duties of his office:—

"He who, clothed with the specious garb of a physician, insinuates himself into the confidence of his patient, and avails himself of the frequent opportunities and facilities which his situation necessarily presents of being near his person, to wring, under the pretence of curing or alleviating his infirmities, and in that confidence which has been from time immemorial reposed by the sick in persons professing the healing art, disclosures of his patients' sentiments for the purpose of afterwards betraying them, deserves most justly to be branded with the appellation of 'Mouton.'"

And here it may be convenient to mention that not long afterwards Sir Hudson Lowe was officially made acquainted with the fact that O'Meara continued to forward his letters to Mr. Finlaison, for on the 23d of January, 1818, Mr. Goulburn wrote thus to Sir Hudson Lowe—"Lord Bathurst thinks it proper that you should be informed that his correspondence is still kept up, and that it is so with his lordship's knowledge; for, as the letters received from Dr. O'Meara were regularly submitted to Lord Bathurst's perusal, he had thought it advisable not to do anything which, by driving Dr. O'Meara to seek another channel of correspondence, might deprive Lord Bathurst of the knowledge of its contents, and of the objects with which it is evident that his communications are made.

More exposures, after date, of the corrupt details of Tory government!

We find that we have already exhausted all the space that we can allot to the discussion of these volumes. We must content ourselves, therefore, with stating finally that, although we do not at all consider them the best form that could have been adopted for the publication of the Lowe papers, they are, as they could not fail to be, rich in information, and constitute very important contributions to the store of knowledge placed at the disposal of historians.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

#### COWPER.

MR. URBAN—As every memorial, however minute, of the admired Cowper possesses its interest, I submit to your readers a Greek line which I discovered a few days since at the base of the pedestal which supports a bust of Homer in the wilderness of Weston Underwood. The line has recently been so obscured and concealed by weeds and briars, that it has escaped observation. A worthy clergyman in an adjoining parish, to whom I submitted it, with much promptitude and felicity discovered it to be a line in the *Odyssey*, the First Book, the 308th line, admitting only a slight variation; in the original it stands thus:—

Ως ται πατηρ ὦ παιδι, και ουποτι λησονται αυτον ;  
on the pedestal of the monument it appears —

Ως τε παεις ὦ πατρι και ουποτι λησονται αυτον.

Cowper thus translates the line very literally —

Who as a father teaches his own son  
Has taught me, and I never will forget.

With more elegance, but with greater latitude of interpretation, Pope renders it:—

So fathers speak (persuasive speech and mild)  
Their sage experience to the favorite child.

Cowper's inability to forget his great master in song, he assimilates with that of a dutiful child to a beloved father; his favorite recollections continually reverting to his cherished author precluding forgetfulness. In concluding let me invite attention to the state of the three commemorative Urns in Weston Grove. Two of these upon the borders of the Wilderness are in very fair condition, and the inscriptions, with a little aid of the memory, fair and legible. The third, standing in the heart of the Grove, I regret to say, is in a very dilapidated and precarious state; by wanton mischief and levity only, as I apprehend, its position is so much out of the perpendicular, that a hand or a walking stick might push it from its pedestal. These classic memorials, in conjunction with a lion and the aforesaid bust, constitute the only reminiscences of the poet now remaining at Weston.

Yours, &c.  
Olney.

THOMAS WELTON.



From Chambers' Journal.

## AN EVENING WITH JASMIN.

I HAD heard of Jasmin, the barber-poet of Agen, years ago; and had read his works too, which is more than every one can say. I had also had always a great curiosity to see him, and was therefore very glad to receive an invitation to a "soirée chez Madame la Marquise de B——," where "Jasmin s'y trouvera" (will be there) were the magnetic words which were to attract the great world. He was to read some of his published poems — his *Papillôtes*, or Curl-papers, with their literal translation in French; for Jasmin writes in the Gascon dialect, the old *Langue d'Oc* of the troubadours — which is a kind of mixture of French and Italian, only that it is more honourous, rich and masculine, than either; as noble and stately as the Spanish, with more grace and more tenderness. Accordingly, at a little past nine, I presented myself at the hotel of Madame la Marquise, whose salons, even at this early hour, I found filled to overflowing with many of the old nobility of France. As she herself expressed it: "It was a St. Germain's night." High-sounding names were there — pages of history every one of them — and intellect and beauty: all assembled to do honor to the hairdresser of a small provincial town on the Garonne, who wrote in Patois, and wore no gloves; a practical illustration of the honor paid in France to intellect, and of the affectionate kind of social democracy which is so beautiful there. Indeed, among very many virtues in French society, none is so delightful, none so cheering, none so mutually improving, and none more *Christian*, than the kindly intercourse, almost equality, of all ranks of society, and the comparatively little importance attached to wealth or condition where there is intellect and power.

At half-past nine, precisely, a short, stout, dark-haired man, with large, bright eyes, and a mobile, animated face — his button-hole decorated with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and an enormous ring on the forefinger of a not very clean hand — made his way through the rich attire and starry wealth of jewels, to a small table placed in one corner of the large salon, whereon were books — his own Curl-papers — a carafe of fresh water, two candles, and a vase of flowers. The ladies ranged themselves in a series of brilliant semicircles before him; the men blocked up the doorways, and peered over each other's shoulders; he waved his hands, like the leader of an orchestra indicating a subdued movement, and a general silence sealed all those fresh, noisy lips, like a sudden sleep falling on a grove of perroquets. One haughty little brunette, not long from her convent, giggled audibly; but Jasmin's eye transixed her, and

the poor child sat rebuked and dumb. Satisfied now, the hero of the evening again waved his hands, gave a preliminary cough, tossed back his hair, suddenly "struck an attitude," and began his poem. The lion roared, and roared in real earnest.

He read first a piece which contained nothing very particular, excepting an appeal for help towards the building of a church. The church had been built and endowed years ago, but by the manner in which Jasmin read his poem, you might have believed it a case of the most urgent present distress. He clasped his hands, he looked up to heaven, he half knelt in the fervor of his beseeching application, tears started into his eyes, and his voice shook with emotion, and then he laughed joyously like a child, looking round for applause, as he repeated lines or phrases that pleased him, crying, "How charming! — how graceful! — how beautiful! — magnificent! — what a phrase!" at every moment. Though I recognized the poem as one published just ten years ago, yet I fancied that he must have transferred its application; and that, in all probability, a church was now waiting to be built, for which he had adapted his former appeal — he was so urgent, so passionate, so earnest in his manner. But I was mistaken, and so were many others, whose hands I saw in their pockets — silver, and in one instance a piece of gold, and in another two sous, shining between their fingers. It was simply the warmth of his imagination that affected him. He now read the Gascon version; and, to my amazement and amusement, at every word where he had clasped his hands together in the French, he clasped his hands together in the Gascon; where he had looked up to heaven before, he looked up to heaven again; where he had concentrated all his fingers in one point on his forehead, he concentrated them in just the same point again; where he had thrust his hand into his waistcoat before, he did so once more; the tears gushed where they had gushed before, and smiles irradiated his face at the same words where smiles had irradiated his face. Excepting for the sound of the syllables, Gascon and French were the same in the stereotyped emotions they called up. And this not only to-night, but every night wherein he gives his readings, without the slightest variation in a single particular. Those in the salon who had seen him before, assured me that not a glance, a smile, a gesture, was changed. Once hear Jasmin read a certain poem, and ten years afterwards you have precisely the same "effects." A strange kind of enthusiasm, to say the least of it, which can survive the duplicate repetitions of years, and come out as fresh as when new born.

I was, however, unwilling to judge the poet either hastily or by hearsay — in both

cases necessarily unjust—and therefore I waited for his second display.

"Ladies, prepare your pocket-handkerchiefs," he cried after a moment's pause. "I am going to make you all weep. You have not pocket-handkerchiefs enough with you—they are too thin. See, I have brought two *foulards*."

A young bride suggested that Madame la Marquise should send round a salver with a supply of this necessary article. Jasmin looked enchanted, and exclaimed: "Très bien! très bien! charmant!" many times. But the hint was not adopted.

It must be distinctly understood that all Jasmin said and did was with the most perfect good faith and unbroken gravity.

He began his poem without the supplemental handkerchiefs. It was *La Semaine d'un Fils*—The Week of a Son—which a footnote tells us is "historical, the circumstance having recently occurred in our part of the country." The poem is divided into three parts. In the first, a young boy and girl, Abel and Jeanne, kneeling in the moonlight before a cross by the wayside, pray to the Sainte Vierge to cure their father.

"Mother of God, Virgin compassionate, send down thine angel, and cure our sick father. Our mother will become happy again; and we, *viergette Mère*—Little Virgin Mother—we will love thee yet more if we can."

The Virgin hears the prayer, for a woman, still young, opening the door of a dark house, cries joyously: "Poor little ones, death has left us. The poison of the fever is counteracted; your father's life is saved. Come, little lambs, pray to God with me!"

Then they all three pray by the side of an old four-post bed—literally, "*entre quatre colonnes d'un vieux lit en serge*"—where sleeps the good father Hilaire, formerly a brave soldier, but now a mason's servant. This ends the first part.

The second part opens with a brief description of morning, where the sun shines through the glass of the casement "mended with paper." Abel glides into his father's room, who commands him to go to the house of his preceptor to-day, to learn to read and write; for Abel, "more pretty than strong," is to be *homme de lettres*, as his little arms would fail him if he were to handle the rough stones of his father's trade. And here Jasmin caressed his own arm, and made as if it were a baby's, smiling and speaking in a *mignon* voice, wagging his head roguishly. Father and son embraced each other four times, and for four days all goes "*à Vaucluse*." But on the fourth Sunday, a brutal command that "the father returns to his work to-morrow, else his place shall be given to another," casts dismay and consternation among them all. Hilaire

declares that he is cured, rises from his bed, and falls prostrate through weakness. It will take a week yet to reestablish him. A flash of lightning darts through the soul of Abel. He dries his tears, assumes the air of a man, strength is in his little arms, a blush is on his face, "behold him as he goes out, and behold him as he enters the house of the brutal master of the masons." When he returns he is no longer sorrowful; "honey was in his mouth, and his eyes were smiling."

"My father, repose; gain strength and courage; thou hast the whole week. Then thou mayst labor. Some one who loves thee well will do thy work for thee, and thou shalt still keep thy place!"

The third part—"Behold our Abel, who works no longer at the desk, but in the workshop." In the evening, become again a *petit monsieur*, he, the better to deceive his father, speaks of papers and writings, "and with a wink replies to the winks of his mother" ("Et d'un clin d'œil répond aux clins d'yeux de sa mère!") Three days pass thus; the fourth, Friday, the sick man cured leaves his house at mid-day. "But, fatal Friday, God has made thee for sorrow!"

The father goes to the workplace. Though the hour for luncheon has not yet arrived, yet no one is seen up above; and, O, good God! what a crowd of people at the foot of the building! Masters, workmen, neighbors, all are there assembled in haste and tumult. A workman has fallen. Hilaire presses forward, to see Abel lie bleeding on the ground. The poor child dies, murmuring, "Master, I have not been able to finish the work, but in the name of my poor mother, for one day wanting, do not replace my father!" The place was preserved for Hilaire; his wages even were doubled—too late. One morning trouble closed his eyelids; and the good father, stiff in death, went to take another place—in the tomb by the side of his son!

The incident is in itself so touching, and part of the poem is so beautifully written, that we cannot find it in our heart to say how Jasmin wept and sobbed, both in French and Gascon; how he buried his face in his hands, and took a peculiar intonation at exactly the same place in each rendering; how the same smile and the same agony became wonderful rather than inspiring, when repeated so faithfully; and how much more like the most elaborate acting than like nature it appeared. There were some men who wept, and many women who cried: "Charmant! tout à fait charmant!" but without weeping; and the lady of the house was very grateful, and the ecclesiastics smooth and patronizing. And Jasmin sat like an enthroned demigod, and quaffed his nectar and sniffed his ambrosia, smiling benignly.

It was all very amusing to a proud, stiff,

reserved "Britisher" like myself; for how grayheaded men with stars and ribbons could cry at Jasmin's reading, and how Jasmin, himself a *man*, could sob, and wipe his eyes, and weep so violently, and display such excessive emotion, surpassed my understanding, probably clouded by the chill atmosphere of the fogs in which every Frenchman believes we live. They were like a number of children set free from school playing at human life. But I saw they all thought me as cold as stone and as hard as iron; they looked it. For I did not cry like the rest; and, though I was more attentive to the poet than many of them were, yet I knew it was a critical rather than a responsive attention, and, as such, would naturally be expressed in my countenance.

The third poem which the *coiffeur*, now calmed and smiling, read, was *Ma Bigno — My Vine*. This is an exceedingly graceful poem, perhaps as graceful and perfect as anything Jasmin has done. Lacking true simplicity, while to all appearance the very soul of it — in reality totally destitute of such simplicity as is expressed by unconsciousness, but fresh and hearty, and with a certain youthfulness of feeling that gives it a great charm — a charm lost when Jasmin reads; for then the strained smile, the exceeding self-satisfaction, the consciousness of *naïveté* and simplicity, spoil the whole thing, and give it the same false air as the paint and tinsel of a theatre give to a young child — one feels a want of harmony somewhere, and one chafes at the nature which parades itself boastfully, and calls to all the world: "See how charming I am!"

The subject of *My Vine* is very simple. It is an epistle to Madame Louis Veill at Paris, setting forth the pleasures of a small piece of ground which Jasmin has bought at Agen; a piece of ground long desired, and now bought with the money gained by his poems, and christened a *Papilloto*! His description of his fruit-trees, his birds, his flowers, his vines, all warm with sun, sparkling, bright and luscious, is about the best specimen of this kind of writing we have seen anywhere. It is a living picture; you see the fruit glowing in the sun, the fruit which Madame Louis Veill is "to pluck from the branch," after "taking off her shining gloves," and "plant in it her white teeth." "Like us you will almost drink it [the peach] without taking off its fine skin, for from the skin to the almond it melts in the mouth — it is honey!"

The poem ends with a confession on the part of the poet of sundry robberies committed in this same place when a lad, of apple-trees broken, hedges forced, and vine-ladders scaled, winding up with these words: "Madame, you see I turn towards the past without a blush; will you? What I have robbed I return, and

return it with usury. I have no door for my vine; two thorns bar its threshold; when by a hole I see the nose of marauders, instead of arming myself with a cane, I turn away and go, so that they may return. He who robbed when he was young, in his old age allows himself to be robbed." An amiable sentiment, sure to be popular among the rising generation of Agen!

This was the last thing the poet read, and then his social ovation began. Ladies surrounded him, and men admired him; a ring was presented, and a pretty speech spoken by a pretty mouth accompanied the presentation; and the man of the people was flattered out of all proportion by the brave, haughty old *noblesse*. To do Jasmin justice, although naturally enough spoiled by the absurd amount of adulation he has met with, he has not been made cold-hearted or worldly. He is vain, vain as a petted child, but true and loyal to his caste. He is still the man of the people, content to be so, and not seeking to disguise or belie his profession. In fact, he always dwells on his past more or less, and never misses an opportunity to remind his audience that he is but a plebeian after all. He wears a white apron, and frizzes hair to this day when at Agen; and, chevalier of the Legion of Honor, member of academies and institutes without number, fêted, praised, flattered beyond anything we can imagine in England, crowned by the king and the then heir of the throne with gilt and silver crowns, decked with flowers and oak-leaves, and all conceivable species of coronets, he does not ape the gentleman, but clips, curls, and chatters as simply as heretofore, and as professionally. He is the dandy *coiffeur* if you will, but still the *coiffeur*. And there is no little merit in this steady attachment to his native place, no little good sense in this adherence to his old profession. In the last, I acknowledge a great deal of that public consciousness which is in all he says and does; but pompous as his steadfastness may be, and conscious and displayed and egotistical, it is so far manlier and nobler than that weak form of vanity shown in a slavish imitation of the great and a cowardly shame of one's native state.

So that, on the whole, though not going the extreme lengths of his admirers, without speaking of him as "more than an artist — more than a poet," with Justin Dapuy, or as beyond the great men of antiquity, and equal to the inspired prophets, with Charles Nodier and others, yet we honor in him a true poet and a true man, brave, affectionate, mobile, loving, whose very faults are all amiable, and whose vanity takes the form of nature. And if we of the cold north can scarcely comprehend the childish passionateness and emotional unreserve of the more sensitive south, at least

we can profoundly respect the good common to us all — the good which lies underneath that many-colored robe of manners which changes with every hamlet; the good which speaks from heart to heart, and quickens the pulses of the blood, whether shown in old Rome or Greece, or in our time and land; the good which binds us all as brothers, and makes but one family of universal man; and this good we gladly and lovingly recognize in Jasmin, and, while rallying him for his foibles, respectfully love him for his virtues, and tender him a hand of sympathy and admiration as a fine poet, a good citizen, and a true-hearted man.

From the *Athenæum*.

#### THE AZTEC PEOPLE.

A COUPLE of children, brought from Central America, and offered by those who have charge of them as representing the Aztec race which either perished or was at least driven into the wilderness before the Spaniards under Cortez, have been brought to this country, after exciting much interest and curiosity in America; and for the purpose of seeing them and examining into the questions of type and race, a special meeting of the members of the Ethnological Society was called on Wednesday evening last — and a certain number of non-member guests were invited, amongst whom we found ourselves included. A very crowded attendance was the result. Mr. Cull, the secretary, opened the proceedings by reading a very interesting paper giving some account of the Aztec people — and a narrative of the discovery of these children in an ancient Mexican city, by a Spaniard of the name of Velasquez, who had, it was said, exhibited them in America, and afterwards deserted them. The statement of this person was to the effect, that he and two others had determined on an expedition to an alleged Aztec city yet unvisited by Europeans — and with the story of whose asserted existence in the interior of Central America the readers of the *Athenæum* are familiar — that they found out the city, and resided there some time — that his companions had been murdered — and that he had escaped, bringing with him the two children now exhibited. The narrative has many apocryphal points; but the children — a boy and a girl — are there to speak for themselves — and, after the reading of the secretary's paper, they were introduced, and excited great interest from their diminutive size and the peculiar expression of their features. They ran about the room without any evident alarm, and seemed pleased with the attentions paid to them. They were seated on the table — began to play with the president's (Sir Benjamin Brodie) pen, ink, and

paper — and exhibited the behavior of intelligent English children at two or three years of age. They could pronounce only a few English words, which they had been recently taught — and had evidently no means of communicating with each other by language.

The children being removed, Professor Owen gave the results of an anatomical investigation into their structural peculiarities. He commenced by referring to the condition of their teeth as indicative of their age. From the present condition of their dentition, and comparing it with an account given of their teeth by Dr. Warren, in America, two years ago, Professor Owen concluded that the boy was from ten to twelve years of age, and the girl from seven to nine. The skin was of an olive color, darker in the face and other exposed parts than in the rest of the body: — from whence the professor inferred that they had habitually worn clothing. The girl, though younger, was about the same size as the boy. The head was very small — measuring only between 13 and 14 inches in circumference. They were respectively about 33 inches in height. The boy weighed 23 pounds, — the girl, 21. The eyes were large and black. From the general examination, Professor Owen concluded that they were no new species of the genus *Homo*. He did not regard them as genuine types of any existing race of American Indians. He was inclined to look at them as possibly instances of impeded development in individuals belonging to some family of the South European races, removed to a tropical climate, and having some mixture of Indian blood.

After the reading of Professor Owen's paper, several gentlemen addressed the meeting — the principal speaker being Dr. R. G. Latham. But the doctor had himself previously furnished for our columns his views of the question, as contained in a letter which he had addressed to the gentleman acting in Europe as the guardian of the children — and it appears at the close of this article.

Mr. Kennedy stated that he was visiting the part of Central America in question at the time when the two Englishmen were reported to have been murdered — and had not heard anything of the matter there. He had heard reports of a Mexican city; but from his own inquiries he did not think that a place of the extent and character of that described by the alleged discoverer of these children could possibly exist.

Mr. Wilton stated, that he had travelled in Asia, Africa, and America — and had become interested in these children when voyaging to England with them in the steamer. He referred to the striking resemblance between them and some of the figures in bas-relief on the ancient Egyptian monuments. He also referred to a passage in Stephens' work on

Central America, in which that author speaks of a small race of people devoted to the service of the priests in America—and who, forbidden to marry out of their own caste, had thus become dwarfed.

Dr. Conolly stated that he was struck with the resemblance of these children to some of the idiots which are now so well cared for in the asylums at Highgate and Colchester. He would not enter into the question of Race—but it was very clear that no nation of people so low in intelligence as these children could exist. In the first place, they had no language—and, in the second place, their intellectual development would not probably enable them to procure the first necessities of existence. Other gentlemen addressed the meeting on ethnological points connected with the history of the children.

The following is Dr. Latham's opinion, above referred to:—

29, Upper Southwick Street, July 5.

My dear Sir,—I think you must have been fully convinced, by the interest which our best savans have taken in your little ones, that they are objects of no ordinary novelty. They tell their own tale by their shape, size, and color—but only to a certain degree. The external history, or the details of their birth, parentage, and other important antecedents, is at present by no means proportionably clear.

My own opinion—that of an ethnologist rather than a teratologist, and subject, of course, to be influenced by future facts—is—

a. That they do not represent a separate species of the genus *Homo*—although one of the likeliest localities for such a species is the one to which they are referred.

b. That they do not represent any permanent variety—i. e., that they are not the actual offspring of parents, nor the probable parents of offspring, like themselves.

c. That they are the progeny of the natives of the district to which they are referred—those being Indians of the ordinary size and organization (there or thereabouts).

d. That there are other individuals more or less similar to them in the same quarters.

e. That there have been such for several generations.

f. That physical and social causes, in proportions not yet ascertained, have affected their organizational peculiarities, and made them endemic.

g. That the language of the division to which they belong is akin to either the Quiché (see Stephens) or to the Mixe of Oaxaca.

h. That this language belongs to a population older and more indigenous than the Asteek—just as Welsh is older and more indigenous than the English.

i. That they are Asteeks in the way that a man from Snowdon would be English, supposing all Britain, except North Wales, to have been brought under (say) French or Prussian dominancy. He would not be English in blood and language, but he would be English so far as he

retained certain English characteristics, contrasted with those of the intrusive conquerors. Hence I take no exception to the designation.

k. That they come from the neighborhood of some of the so-called *Casas Grandes*.

l. That they come from a locality where a certain amount of political independence and ancient Paganism may still be retained.

m. That access to these parts may be more practicable to an Indian, a half-blood, a black or a white (provided he be not a Spaniard), than to the Spaniards of the country around. This is the case with some independent districts of the Philippines; and it suggests a promising field for future enterprise.

I have given my opinion upon the chief points suggested by their history and appearance in detail, in preference to expressing it by the use of any general term, inasmuch as I know no word which, if used without considerable qualifications, would give other than a wrong idea. This is a good measure of the extent to which they are unlike anything yet seen.—I remain, dear sir, yours most truly, R. G. LATHAM.

J. M. Morris, Esq.

MEANING OF "WORTH."—As this suffix enters into the composition of many of our English surnames, particularly in the northern counties, Mr. Lower (and probably your readers in general) will be glad to have the explanation of an able Anglo-Saxon scholar and antiquary, the late lamented Mr. John Just, of this town, whose merits as a philosopher and etymologist were highly appreciated by the learned societies in this district. It occurs in a paper read at a chapter of the Rosicrucians in Manchester a few months since:

"WORTH.—*Weorthe*, Anglo-Saxon, a field, &c. *Worth* means land, close, or farm. It does not necessarily imply any residence, although thereon might be a hall or mansion. It likewise sometimes means nothing more than a road or public way. Hence it is connected with the names of many places on our old roads, as Ainsworth, Edgeworth, on the Roman military road to the north; Failsworth, Saddleworth, on the Roman military road from Manchester to York; Unsworth, Pilsworth, on the old road between Bury and Manchester; also Ashworth, Whitworth, Butterworth, on old roads, and connected with old places, near Rochdale. Whether originally land, closes, or farms, *worths* were acquired properties. The old expression of 'What is he worth?' in those days meant, 'Has he land? Possesses he real property?' If he had secured a *worth* to himself, he was called a *worthy* person, and in consequence had *worship*, i. e., due respect, shown him. A *worth* was the reward of the free; and perchance the fundamentals of English freedom were primarily connected with such apparently trivial matters, and produced such a race of *worthies* as the proud Greeks and haughty Romans might not be ashamed of. *Worth* is pure Anglo-Saxon. The Scandinavians applied it not in their intercourse with our island."

BROCTONA.

Bury, Lancashire.

—Notes and Queries.



From Chambers' Journal.

# PROGRESS OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

So rapid has been the extension of electro-telegraphic communication throughout the world, that we might almost fancy the subtle agent had something to do with its own propagation. Gunpowder took a century or two to make the tour of Europe and prove its superiority to bows and arrows; and steam-engines panted and puffed for many a year before the world thought it worth while to turn them to account. How different the progress of the electric telegraph! It was in 1837 that Wheatstone took out his first patent, and its first application in this country was made on the short railway from London to Blackwall.

Now, as appears by the Electric Telegraph Company's Report, we have nearly 6000 miles of telegraph, comprising more than 21,000 miles of wire—almost enough to stretch round the globe; and for the despatch-service, there are 150 stations besides those in London. From the central office behind the Bank of England, communications are established with all parts of the kingdom, along the lines of railway, and messages may be sent at any hour of the day or night. The railway business alone keeps the telegraph clerks pretty actively employed; and when to this are added the messages from government and the general public, some idea may be formed of the amount of work to be done. During the elections of 1852, the state of the poll at every hour was transmitted to head-quarters. More than 10,000 such messages were sent in that short but eventful period. Sporting gentlemen all over the kingdom are now informed of the result of a race soon after the winning horse has come to the post. The state of the weather is flashed to London every day from numerous localities for publication in a morning paper; and, whenever desirable, the information can be obtained from twenty of the farthest off stations in the country within half an hour. A fashionable dame at the West End having set her heart on a villa in the sunny environs of Florence, her lord hired it for her by a telegraphic message. On the top of the office in the Strand, a time-ball indicates one o'clock to the whole neighborhood simultaneously with the ball on the observatory at Greenwich, and a clock erected on a pillar in the street opposite tells Greenwich time by the same apparatus. It is under consideration to establish a similar contrivance at different parts of the coast, so as to enable the masters of vessels to get the true time while on their way to port; and in foggy weather the electric spark is to fire a cannon precisely at one o'clock, instead of dropping a ball. Soon we

shall have to report that the difference of longitude between the observatories of Greenwich and Paris has been determined by telegraph. The difference as at present known is nine minutes, twenty seconds and a half; should it be confirmed, it will say something for the accuracy of past observation.

The prospect of profit appears so good, that the United Kingdom Electric Telegraph Company are going to work in earnest. Their wires will be laid under ground in pipes, following generally the turnpike roads; and they propose to lease the exclusive use of a wire to any one desiring it. Seeing that one house alone, in London, pays 1000*l.* a year for telegraphic messages, there is good reason to believe that a wire may be rented with benefit to both parties. The company have engaged the services of Mr. Wheatstone, and intend to send shilling messages, and have thus possessed themselves of two elements of success—ability and cheapness. Already an underground telegraph is laid on the old turnpike road from London to Dover, and it is by this that those brief but important paragraphs of news from the continent which appear in the morning papers are transmitted. Not only are the railway stations of the metropolis connected with each other by underground wires, but the post-office, admiralty, and other government offices, the chief station of police, the houses of Parliament, and some of the leading clubs, are also interwired. The authorities can now send orders, quick as thought, to detain a mail-packet, to despatch a frigate from any of the outports, or expedite equipments at the dockyards. Gentlemen sitting at dinner in the Reform Club in Pall Mall, have instantaneous notice every quarter of an hour of what is going on in "the House," so as to enable them to know whether they may take another glass of wine before "going down," or not.

Most of this progress has been accomplished since 1850, as also the laying down of the under-sea communications. It was in August, 1850, that the possibility of sending a message through the straits of Dover was demonstrated, as though to stimulate ingenuity, for the wire was broken by an unfortunate accident, and the work delayed for many months. The experiment was repeated towards the close of 1851 with entire success, which has not once been interrupted. Future historians will perhaps be struck by the fact that the first news sent by the wire was of the famous *coup d'état* of the 2d December. If it was then remarked that England had lost her insular position, what shall be said now, when we have a second wire running to Middlekirk, near Ostend, and a third from Oxfordness to Scheveningen on the Dutch coast, 119 miles in length! The latter wire was worthily inaugurated, on the 14th June last,

by the flashing across of the king of Holland's opening speech to his Chambers. Then there are two wires across the Irish Channel; and a third is talked of, to run from the Mull of Cantyre to Fairhead. Ireland, too, is less insulated than before. By means of these under-sea wires, we can now communicate with most parts of the continent. The Dutch line gives us the shortest route to Copenhagen; and now that wires are sunk across the Great and Little Belts, we can hold telegraphic talk with the Danish capital. Through the Belgian wire we reach Prussia, thence to Cracow and Warsaw, and on to St. Petersburg, or we may diverge the course of the message to Vienna, and have it forwarded to Trieste, 325 miles further, where it will overtake the Indian mail. The czar is stretching wires from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and to his ports on the Baltic and Black Seas; and before long, when he wants to quarrel with the sultan, he will be able to do so with less delay than at present. The Turk, on his part, is thinking he would like to have a telegraph; and, should he realize his wishes, Muscovite and Moslem may intercommunicate with equal celerity. Perth on the Tay may now, if she will, hold a "crack" with Pesth on the Danube; and Manchester ask Marseille for the earliest quotations of Egyptian cotton.

At first, most of the German wires were laid underground, but in many places those stretched on posts have been substituted, as more generally serviceable. They are no longer confined to the railways, but are carried by such routes as are most suitable; and soon the miles of telegraph will out number those of railways. Austria has about 4000 miles of telegraph, and the other parts of Germany about as many. The wires are penetrating the valleys of Switzerland, and creeping up the slopes of the Alps; Spain has found out their use, but to a very limited extent; Italy has a few score miles; and in Piedmont, Mons. Borelli, the engineer, has done wonders with them. While waiting the completion of the railway between Turin and Genoa, it was thought desirable to connect the two cities by telegraph; and, to effect this, the wires are carried over precipitous steeps, stretched across valleys nearly a mile in width, and buried in some places, where no other mode was possible. The way in which the difficulties of the ground are overcome is said to excel anything similar in Europe.

The Italian wires are to be connected with Corsica and Sardinia by lines sunk in the dividing channels; and from the southernmost cape of Sardinia they will be carried to Africa, striking the mainland a few miles west of Tunis, from which point it will not be difficult to reach Algeria, Egypt, and ultimately

India. One stage, from the Nile to the Red Sea, will ere long be complete; and in India itself preparations are being made for the construction of 3000 miles of telegraph.

The establishment of the electric telegraph in France has been slower than in other countries; but there are now lines which radiate from Paris to Bordeaux, Marseille, Lyon, Toulouse, Havre, Dieppe, Calais, and Strasbourg; and by the close of the present year, the chief towns of each department will be connected with the Ministry of the Interior. The government is master of all the lines; by way of Strasbourg they now reach Germany independently of Belgium; and in that city the French offices and the Baden offices are side by side. Besides their own private despatches, no secret messages are sent, except certain diplomatic matters, and the news brought by the Indian mail to Marseille. The latter is at once flashed onwards to London. Paris time is adopted on the lines all over France.

The vast extent of the United States has caused a greater extension of the telegraph than any other country: it is now but little short of 30,000 miles, including Canada. There are two direct lines from Philadelphia to New Orleans. Projects are talked of, one of them sanctioned by Congress, for lines from Natchez, on the Mississippi, to San Francisco, a distance of 3000 miles; and from Vera Cruz to Acapulco, and from Missouri to Oregon, with a post of cavalry at every twenty miles to guard the wires, and ride with despatches. Another is to annex Cuba by means of a wire sunk across the channel which separates that island from Florida. It will need to be strong to resist the action of the Gulf-stream, which there flows with great rapidity. In New York and Boston all the fire-stations are connected by telegraph, and alarms are made known with a promptitude that averts much mischief. Private telegraphs, too, are greatly used in the large trading towns.

Much has been said by projectors about an under-sea telegraph to America; but it is a question whether in such a distance the currents generated in the wire by natural causes would not prove fatal to the transmission of an impulse from one extremity to the other. Some physicists believe that the experiment would not succeed from Galway to Newfoundland, which is not more than half the breadth of the Atlantic; and they state the practicable route to be by crossing Behring's Strait; or to run a wire from the Shetlands to the Faroes and Iceland, thence to Greenland, and on to Labrador and Nova Scotia. This task, however, remains for future enterprise, and will some day form an important chapter in the history of the electric telegraph.

From Household Words.

### THE POWER-LOOM.

IN no department of human invention have such extraordinary vicissitudes been undergone as in that which has had the most prodigious effect on the material prosperity of Great Britain. It is a fact familiar to all that the ingenious mechanic who struck open the path of discovery in connection with the cotton manufacture died in the workhouse at Nottingham; while the energetic and enterprising man who followed him died in possession of millions. These cases have attracted the world to gaze upon them; but there are others which lie in the more level places between, partaking as little of the shadow through which Hargrave, as of the shadow and sunshine through which Arkwright moved, yet suggestive of highly curious reflection, and appealing very strongly to the sympathies. For the difficulties which obstruct the way to knowledge are not incident to poverty alone, nor is it only those who force themselves upward through sordid impediments who demand attention and praise. I am about to sketch the career of a man of whom it would be less appropriate to say that he rose hardly by the help of knowledge, than that he descended willingly to testify his love of it; in whom the desire dwelt for its own sake, and not for any thought of ambition, or hope of gain, connected with it; who turned aside from a thousand temptations that might have repressed it, abandoned for it luxuries of taste in which his mind had long expatiated, and embraced an occupation the very opposite to that in which already he had lived forty quiet, leisurely, scholarly years. Nor in this regard is the poor barber's son of Preston, or even the illiterate carpenter of Blackburn, a more noteworthy subject of contemplation than the grave, gentle, middle-aged preacher and poet, who so suddenly found himself embarked in schemes that were to enrich millions and impoverish only himself, yet, amid all the unquiet and misery that never cease to assail original invention, remained exactly the same unsoured lover of books and verses as when his life knew no higher happiness or graver care.

Edmund Cartwright, elder brother of the well-known major, came of a good Nottingham family which had suffered in its fortunes by siding with Charles the First. He was bred for the church (in which he subsequently received the dignity of a doctorate) not altogether by his own desire. He had wished to enter the navy; but an elder and a younger brother having been permitted to mount the blue coat, he was fain to resign himself to the black one, and at fourteen (he was born in 1743) he was duly sent up to Oxford, where, after taking his degree at University College,

he got a fellowship at Magdalen. Langhorne, once thought a poet, and still deserving to be called an agreeable writer, was his college tutor in his undergraduate days; and a very early temptation to try his hand at verse was probably part of Langhorne's tuition. For his muse displayed no irregular or daring tendencies, either now or at any later time, but rather a docile and obedient than an original inspiration; and for the graceful turn thus given to a cultivated taste (since only thus we may characterize Cartwright's poetry), it will be no wrong to the memory of the good old translator of Plutarch if we hold him to some extent responsible. Before his pupil was nineteen his verses were before the world; though it was not till he was seven-and-twenty that he became talked about as the writer of a ballad-tale, of the Edwin and Emma school, which not only passed through several editions at the time, but has since found its way into the collections. It has many really pleasing stanzas, and contains two lines which were great favorites with Walter Scott, who, in his youth, had often heard them instanced and repeated by Dugald Stewart "with much pathos" as a very beautiful picture of Resignation.

And while his eye to heaven he raised,  
Its silent waters stole away.

The young poet meanwhile had married and received a presentation to the perpetual curacy of Brampton, in Derbyshire, which, seven years later, he exchanged for a better living in Leicestershire. It soon became manifest, however, that he was not naturally formed for rising in the church; for he held opinions, and took no pains to conceal them, which had ceased to be fashionable. He wrote a poem by way of indignant protest against impending hostilities with America, and took eager part in seconding the claims of Mr. William Jones, when that great scholar aspired to represent the University of Oxford, forgetting that he had disqualified himself by writing an *Ode to Liberty*. But, happily for Cartwright, he never sought or set his heart on the promotion he had such small chance of receiving, nor seemed in any respect dissatisfied with the life that lay before him. When only the little Derbyshire living was his, we find him absorbed in cares for his poor parishioners, and studying medicine to enable him to relieve any sudden ailments that afflicted them. When he changes it for the living in Leicestershire, he does not change his kindly, contented nature; but, as he had learnt medicine for his poor parishioners' sake, he now studies farming for the sake of his not very rich little glebe, and becomes, after a brief space, like the good Doctor Primrose, those three great characters in one, "a hus-

bandman, a priest, and the father of a family."

In *Arcadia Ego*, said the inventor of the power-loom nearly half a century afterwards, when he looked back through a troubled memory on this first half of his life. Certainly a dream in Tempe itself, or one of the vales of Arcady, could hardly have been more quiet. If one looks a little closely, it is true, one may see that there peeps forth now and then a glimpse of the spirit which was to give such excitement and interest to his latter years; but it is only when one of his parishioners has been cured by some simple remedy he has himself invented, or when one of his experiments in farming has had unexpected success. Never do we observe a discontented or uneasy looking forth *beyond* the limits of his parish or his glebe. He preaches sermons of the old practical school of divinity, writes verses in his intervals of doctoring and farming, and now and then reviews a book for the *Monthly*. For, being a man of good account in the world, a clergyman, a friend of Langhorne's, and moreover a whig (an article now daily becoming much less plentiful, both in the church and out of it, than it had formerly been), he was just the sort of writer to recommend himself to old Griffiths, who accordingly laid him under frequent contribution. As the reader may possibly remember, this was the editorial bibliopole, the seller of books at the sign of the Dunciad, who had no better words for poor Goldsmith in the depths of his early distresses than the lowest and worst in the dictionary; but in his correspondence with the well-to-do Leicestershire rector we find him a far more humanized being, who at least never breaks, as of old, into gross or unseemly expressions.

This Griffiths connection might yet have been not worth mentioning but for another to which it introduced the reviewer. Goldsmith and Chatterton had not been dead more than half-a-dozen years when another youth, also conscious of higher powers than could find outlet through the meanness of his fortune, was walking the flinty streets of London with a feeling bordering on despair. He was the son of a poor Norfolk schoolmaster and parish-clerk, and, like Goldsmith, had been an apothecary's apprentice. He had come up to London with three pounds in his pocket, which gradually dwindled down to fourpence halfpenny; and no care, no economy, no sacrifice, could delay any longer the terrible approach of Want. He had parted with all he could spare of his scanty wardrobe, had pawned a watch very dear to him, had let go even that copy of *Dryden* in which at the first flush of his little capital of three pounds he had ventured to invest no less than three shillings. And yet no answer was come from Lord North to a letter he had written that good-humored prime min-

ister; Lord Shelburne kept obdurate silence, notwithstanding a most complimentary copy of verses addressed to him; and from Lord Thurlow there was not a hint of encouragement for the poor confident youth, who had only asked his lordship to read and judge whether his poems might not deserve a patron. Darkness was on all sides closing around him, when, happily, he thought of Edmund Burke, perhaps fancied that the memory of the friend he loved might dispose him to a gentle hearing of the petition elsewhere so scornfully rejected, and finally resolved to write to him. It was early on a summer evening, in the year when Cartwright was so zealously engaged for Jones at Oxford, that this letter to Burke was delivered at his door by the writer of it, who afterwards, such was the agitation of hope and fear that possessed him, walked backwards and forwards over Westminster bridge until long after daylight broke. Burke's generous answer sent back solid help as well as comfortable praise, and one of its many results was the life-long friendship which afterwards sprang up between George Crabbe and his first reviewer.

But while gloomy and anxious days thus passed forever from the one, they were slowly beginning to open on the other. Within little more than three years after the time thus glanced at, Crabbe writes, in a laughing letter to his friend, of some odd invention he has heard about. The other remonstrates as if it were no laughing matter. "You shall not find me smiling at your loom," returns the good-hearted poet, "when you grow serious in it. I have the worst mechanical conception that any man can have, but you have my best wishes. May you weave your webs of gold!" Nor, amid the visions that were crowding then in the fancy of the sanguine projector, did it seem a mere poet's wish that golden webs *should* be woven.

But what had transformed into a sanguine projector the quiet and contented country clergyman? Nothing graver than the accident of a chance conversation. In the summer of 1784 Cartwright happened to be on a visit at Matlock in Derbyshire, when the talk at table turned on the extensive and ingenious manufactures lately established in that neighborhood. Arkwright's mode of spinning cotton by machinery, just introduced, became the subject of particular controversy; one of the grumblers among the company having remarked that, if the method should be adopted generally, so much more yarn was sure to be manufactured than our own weavers could work up that it would have to be largely exported to the continent, and might there be woven into cloth so cheaply as greatly to injure the English trade. Cartwright reflected a moment, and observed that the remedy for such an evil did not seem very difficult;—why not apply the power of machinery to the

art of weaving as well as to that of spinning, and contrive looms to work up the yarn as fast as the spindle should produce it! The notion was laughed at. The thing was pronounced, from the minute intricacy of the movements required in weaving, to be ludicrously impossible; and "some gentlemen from Manchester" (presumed to be specially well-informed on such a subject because of their locality) carried the argument very decisively against Cartwright's view. Nevertheless, he was not convinced. He instanced the automaton chess-player for proof that there could be no real impossibility in applying power to any part of the most complicated machine; but the Manchester gentlemen, probably not being chess-players, could not the more be persuaded that even that highest attainable skill of mechanism could accomplish the extraordinary variety of movement required in a weaver's loom.

Cartwright went home after this conversation, brooding over it. His own simple remark had struck out for himself a truth which, as he turned it over in his mind, opened upon him more and more. For six or seven months he worked incessantly at models, at first rough and awkward even to ridicule, but steadily improving step by step; and at last, in April, 1785, he took out a patent for the first of all the power-looms. It was a rude enough thing compared with the exquisite machinery used now, but it was the germ of all that followed. It received, in the three succeeding years, amendments from himself which were each the subject of a patent; and it cannot be doubted that Cartwright had here entitled himself, if ever man did, to the temporary rewards and lasting fame of a most important invention.

But the first he certainly did not get, and the last he hardly lived to see acknowledged. His principal satisfaction was the somewhat melancholy one of being treated after the manner of all inventors from the beginning of time. Poor Crabbe saw his friend's fortune made outright as soon as he had a clear comprehension of what his discovery was; and "God bless you in it!" he warmly wrote. "Only remember, when you grow very rich, that we were friends before; and do not look down on us as the summer birds that will then come and serenade you daily. . . Every new hope you give me of your success makes me happy; nor am I disinterested, since I expect to be maintained handsomely as a decayed poet." But, alas! the serenade of the summer birds was never heard in Cartwright's dwelling; and for "decayed poet" we are soon to read "decayed projector."

Cartwright's quiet, his peaceful studies, his happy, contented ways, vanished completely with the dawning of the not inglorious

hour in which he had reason to think himself a public benefactor. The public he would have served rose against him straightway. His invention was to enrich all manufacturers, and of course manufacturers were its first and bitterest foes. There was nothing for it, if he would not be driven poorly back from the plough on which he had laid his hand, but to become manufacturer himself. His pleasant parsonage was abandoned; he sadly separated himself from his parishioners, endeared to him by many ties; and, impelled by the spirit which now wholly possessed him, he built weaving and spinning factories in Doncaster, flung into the venture whatever he possessed, and began the struggle which was only to close with his life.

As if he were entering a country to lay it waste, instead of carrying into it abundance and the means of countless increase, he had to dispute desperately every inch of ground. His cottons were wilfully damaged, his workmen were seduced, his patent rights invaded. Still he persevered, and from every fresh rebuff his inventive ardor received but new encouragement. In seven years from the time which changed the peaceful country clergyman into the active director of factories, workmen and machines, he had taken out no fewer than nine patents. At a cost ruinous to his fortune he had obtained them for weaving, for wool-combing (a most striking and valuable invention), for improvements in spinning, in calendering linens, in making ropes, in cutting of velvet pile, and for other matters of the like description; he had also largely added to his works in Doncaster, which he personally managed and superintended in all their details;—in short, he had laid broad and deep the foundations of enormous wealth, while he was himself getting poorer and poorer every day;—when suddenly the prospect seemed to brighten. A wealthy house in Manchester contracted for the use of four hundred of his looms. The mill was built to receive them, and had not been many days at work when it was burnt to the ground. Such were the warnings then administered to men who had intellect and courage to reason beyond the prejudices of their class. The struggle at last seemed hopeless. Poor Cartwright assigned his property at Doncaster in trust for his creditors, and betook himself to London.

He had one true friend in the midst of his misfortunes. He could write verses still. His muse might be homely, but she was faithful, and at all times ready with suit and service when invoked. Even while building his mills at Doncaster he was also building up a new edition of his poems; and on his way to London, a broken and discomfited but not a despairing or querulous man, he wrote



a good, simple-minded, single-hearted sonnet, admitting his discomfiture, but refusing to stand helplessly wringing his hands over it.

With firm, unshaken mind that wreck I see,  
Nor think the doom of man should be reversed for me.

Let not the reader imagine that the hard struggle, under which this captain of industry was thus for the moment beaten down, had been a fight fought with ignorance alone. No doubt there were many poor, mistaken men then living who believed that machinery would grind them yet closer to the earth; but this class was only made use of at the time by another far above them, who dreaded machinery because of its very tendency to strengthen those whom, for their own purposes, they thus turned suicidally against themselves. These were men, neither needy nor uneducated, who regarded every fresh machine for diffusing the conveniences of life more widely, as but another revolutionary instrument for the levelling of distinctions which the due subordination of society required. It was not by the poor that Hargrave was driven from place to place, till the workhouse at Nottingham received him; for though mobs pelted him, and poor men broke his machines, they were but the tools of a more secret combination which had all the wealth and influence of Lancashire to second it. Under the same evil influence Arkwright must also have fallen, and closed perhaps forever might have been those new and boundless fields of employment forced open by his genius, if he had not been a man picked out of ten thousand for indomitable perseverance and invincible hardihood. Against Cartwright's crowning improvement this foul combination of course revived again, and what it had lost of its power of agitation by Arkwright's success it easily recovered against the new inventor by practising on the sufferings of the hand-loom weavers, the power-loom having suddenly proclaimed a sentence of not distant extinction on those most helpless of all living workmen. For who should be called helpless among laborers if not that ever toiling ever ill-paid race, whose superlatively easy labor reduces necessarily to the very lowest point the strength and skill required to be displayed in it? A child's work can never in any circumstances be paid higher than by a child's wages, and it was not the least of the blessings conferred by the power-loom that it turned to worthier and more productive labor so many thousands upon thousands of wasted hands. It is a mistake to imagine, either, that the misery of the change was any great or new addition to the ordinary misery of the calling. When evidence was taken on the subject half a century ago, it was shown beyond question that for more than a year before Cartwright's in-

vention the earnings of the great mass of these wretched men, when working even eighteen hours a day, had sunk very nearly to starvation point; so terrible had been the competition of numbers, principally Irish and their children, content with wages on which an English laborer could not live.

The testimony also supplied by that evidence to the inexpressible value of this discovery of the power-loom is most remarkable. As we read concerning it, we perceive that in the series of inventions which has made immortal the names of Hargrave, Arkwright, Crompton and Cartwright, it may really stand as the crowning contrivance; and our wonder is unceasing that a mechanical power so original and beautiful should have been accomplished by one who started simply from the thought that it *was* to be accomplished, and, with a knowledge of mechanical principles only slight at first, was led in so short a time to so extensive a mastery over their application, by dint mainly of an honest and most single-minded zeal. Judge of the want it supplied by the effect it has produced. A quarter of a century ago (and the proportion of increase since then has been great beyond belief) there were nearly fifty thousand power-looms at work in England, weaving cotton alone. Take Manchester for example, the head-quarters of the violence and clamor which first assailed the discovery, and observe, within the brief but most interesting space of the last six years that Cartwright himself lived to see, its incredibly gigantic advances. In 1817 there were something less than two thousand power-looms at work in Manchester; in 1820 they had mounted to upwards of five thousand; and in 1823, the year of Cartwright's death, they were little short of twenty thousand. As many as ten years ago, in the island of Great Britain alone, more than a hundred thousand power-looms were in full employ! One wonders if any vision of such a result as this crossed the mind of the ruined projector, as he came journeying up to London, in 1796, composing the pleasing sonnet to which I have referred, and prepared with a manly cheerfulness to begin life anew in the not very leisurely interval between his fiftieth and sixtieth year.

Begin life again as he might, however, he was in the grasp of a master passion which he could never again put aside. From the pursuit of scientific discovery, whatever hazard or danger it involved, he could not again draw back. The mere hope of gain had not inspired him to it, nor was he daunted by the presence of discouragement and loss. "It was now too late," says his daughter. "to return to that peaceful mode of life, and those literary pursuits, in which he had passed the best and happiest of his years." He rented

a small house in Marylebone Fields, and lived the life of an inventor. Morning, noon, and night, he was inventing. His little house became a very college of the sciences and arts. He improved his wool-combing machine in spite of the threats and abuse of the more than fifty thousand wool-combers whom it had fiercely arrayed against him. He made bread in his own kitchen by machinery. He had a plan for rendering houses fire-proof, and he invented geometrical bricks. He struck out useful projects which others carried from him and applied. There was a machine for biscuit-making which was his, and which a baker at Doncaster made a fortune by. None of his inventions did his open and guileless nature think of keeping secret; not a few of them, indeed, when once thrown off his thoughts by other fancies working there, he would afterwards even fail to recognize for his own.

"I remember him," says the son of his old friend Crabbe, alluding to the visits he would at this time occasionally make to the poet by way of holiday, to discuss spinning by looms and the spinning of verses. "Few persons could tell a story so well, no man make more of a trite one. I can just remember him; the portly, dignified old gentleman of the last generation, grave and polite, but full of humor and spirit." And pleasant it is, with that picture of him, to conjure up the portly, polite figure side by side with his most frequent companion at this period of his life — a young, thin, eager, restless American, once student of art under Benjamin West, since more resolute student in civil-engineering, and daily debater with Cartwright of the all-interesting question, *Whether practicable to move vessels by steam?* For daily at Marylebone Fields the famous Robert Fulton was now to be seen; and Cartwright's daughter long remembered the vivacity of spirit with which he would sit by her father's side, drawing perpetual plans of paddle-wheels, while Cartwright himself contrived modes as numberless of bringing steam to act upon them; these latter finally taking shape in "the model of a boat which, being wound up like a clock, moved on the water in a highly satisfactory manner." Poor Fulton died early, though not till he had launched the first steam-boat on the American waters; but before Cartwright died, steamers were regularly navigating every part of our English Channel, "and I must own," said the good old man, after watching the first Rams-gate boat, "I felt no little gratification in reflecting on the share I had in contributing to the exhibition."

Meanwhile his worldly troubles had become greatly more imminent and pressing; for, while his power-loom and wool-combing inventions had been silently forcing their way, his property in them had also been invaded,

and continual thefts of his patents rendered it almost impossible to continue the working of his mills for the benefit of his creditors. After some anxious years, however, his indisputable and sole right to his own discoveries was affirmed, with much complimentary tribute to his inventive genius, in a celebrated judgment by Lord Eldon; and, fortified by this authority, he yielded to the importunity of his friends, and memorialized Parliament for such extension of the right, of which the exclusive exercise was thus at last assured to him, as might help to remunerate his hitherto unrewarded labors. He described himself in this memorial as the author of various mechanical inventions of great admitted utility to the manufactures of this country, but the labor of whose many anxious years, fruitful in benefit to the public, had brought himself no other reward than barren reputation accompanied by ruined fortunes.

Patiently waiting the result of his petition so far as it might affect his future, he yet could not bring himself to suspend his master-passion for experiment; but, as though driven for a time from the manufacturing field, he now indulged it in that of agriculture. In 1801 he got a prize from the Agricultural Board for a practical essay, and soon after received from the Duke of Bedford an appointment to superintend an experimental farm at Woburn. In 1803, a new three-furrow plough got him the silver medal of the Society of Arts. Next year the Agricultural Board made him an honorary member; and in the two following years gave him their gold medal for experiments in manure, and their silver medal for an essay on the culture of potatoes. Walpole said of Chatham's popularity that it rained gold boxes, and we might as certainly say of Cartwright's inventive faculty that at least it rained gold and silver medals.

The engagement at Woburn, too, proved happily something more substantial. He found friends as well as patrons in that princely home. He became the duke's domestic chaplain, as well as superintendent of the experimental farm; and from the early intelligence of the duke's third son there flashed out at once upon the brave old man a quick and true feeling for all that was noble or true, to which his own nature warmly responded. Their friendship began in play, and ended in admiration as marked and full of sympathy as could possibly consist with such difference of years. "When I went to Woburn," the old man afterwards wrote, describing the steam-boat model he had constructed for Fulton, "I gave it to Lord John Russell, then about ten or eleven years old, as a plaything. It went by clockwork; and Lord John used frequently to amuse himself with setting it afloat on the stew-ponds in the

garden." In the next year we find him publishing a volume of verses, of which Lord John receives the dedication; and, up to the year of his death, it is touching to see the eager and trembling fervor with which he follows each successive step in the young statesman's public life.

From that happy interval at Woburn, indeed, may be traced such brighter fortune as gilded the old man's declining years. Parliament soon granted him the further protection to his patent which his memorial prayed for, and this protection brought other more substantial justice with it. Forced at last to acknowledge and respect his rights, the manufacturers now began to discover the mistake they formerly made, and fifty of the greatest Manchester houses took the lead in memorializing Parliament for "compensation to Doctor Cartwright." A committee was appointed, much evidence was heard, and the application was successful. In other words, it was proved that by his inventions he had lost between thirty and forty thousand pounds; and Parliament, in consideration of the public advantages they had so widely, and at such a sacrifice diffused, voted him ten thousand pounds. But he was nearly seventy years old when he received it, and there was therefore little doubt of its giving him competence for the brief remainder of his life.

It did so, and to the last he went on inventing. When he was seventy-nine he wrote a poem, in which this manly triplet,

With mind unwearied, still will I engage,  
In spite of failing vigor and of age,  
Nor quit the conflict till I quit the stage,

expresses what was soberly the fact to within a few hours of the close of his existence. When sent in his eightieth year to Dover for warm sea-bathing, he saved the bath-man the work of two men by solving his difficulties in pumping up the water; a few weeks later he designed the model of a new Centaur carriage; and a day or two before he died he wrote a quite elaborate argument to a friend on what he believed to be a new method of working the steam-engine. He went to his very grave inventing; and never had the grave received a better or more ingenious man. Whenever we celebrate our English Worthies, therefore, let not the name of Edmund Cartwright be forgotten.

**THE ADJUSTMENT OF OUR SYSTEM.**—Philosophers tell us when the little snowdrop, which in our garden walks we may now see raising its beautiful head to remind us that spring is at hand, was created, that the whole mass of the earth from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, must have been taken into account and weighed, in order that the proper degree of strength might be given to the fibres even of this

little plant. Botanists tell us that the constitution of this plant is such as to require that at a certain stage of its growth the stalk should bend, and the flower should bow its head, that an operation may take place which is necessary, in order that the herb should produce seed after its kind; and that after this its vegetable health requires that it should lift its head again, and stand erect. Now, if the mass of the earth had been greater or less, the force of gravity would have been different; in that case, the strength of fibre in the snowdrop, as it is, would have been too much or too little; the plant could not bow or raise its head at the right time, fecundation could not take place, and its family would have become extinct with the first individual that was planted, because its "seed" would not have been "in itself," and therefore it could not reproduce itself. Now, if we see such perfect adaptation, such exquisite adjustment in the case of one of the smallest flowers of the field, how much more may we not expect "compensation" in the atmosphere, upon the right adjustment and due performance of which depends not only the life of that plant, but the well-being of every individual that is found in the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms of the world. When the east winds blow for a little while, they bring us air saturated with moisture from the gulf steam, and we complain of the sultry, oppressive, heavy atmosphere; the invalid grows worse, and the well man feels ill, because when he takes this atmosphere into his lungs it is already so charged with moisture that it cannot take up and carry off that which encumbers his lungs, and which nature has caused to be deposited there, that this atmosphere may take up and carry off. At other times, the air is dry and hot; he feels that it is conveying off matter from the lungs too fast; he realizes the idea that it is consuming him, and he calls it parching. — *Maury's Sailing Directions.* — (An American work of great merit.) — *Examiner.*

**PRESIDENT TAYLOR.**—General Taylor simply made one of the congregation, undistinguished and unremarked. There was something grander in this than in mere regal display, in so far as solid power, without show, impresses the mind much more strongly than show without solid power. Nothing could well be more original than the personal appearance of the late president of the United States, to whom his countrymen gave the sobriquet of "Rough and Ready." He was dressed in a suit of plain clothes; his blue coat of anything but the last Bond-street cut. The weather being cold, he wore colored worsted gloves, which were something too long. His straight hair fell smoothly on his forehead; while his face, browned under many a sun—his temples furrowed with many a thought, gave token of the deeds he had performed, and of the anxieties he had suffered in his country's cause. He had a pleasing expression in his eye; and now, humbly standing in the presence of his Maker, surrounded by his fellow-citizens, all within seemed tranquil and serene. — *Robertson's Visit to Mexico.*

From the Spectator.

### TAYLOR'S LIFE OF HAYDON.\*

In the biography of a man who failed in attaining greatness, it is often difficult to discover in what his claim really consisted. About Haydon's capacity for achieving greatness there is no question. His "Judgment of Solomon" had in it full evidence of its author's possessing some of the highest powers of a painter, if those powers were not then displayed in the highest degree. Design, composition, color, expression, invention, and very subtle thought, were all there, as well as that mechanical dexterity which is the distinguishing means of a painter. The picture, though in a less degree, we think, than any other he ever painted, contained the germs of his great faults—exaggeration and distortion. Sometimes these qualities might only appear in the shape of forced expression or violent action; but unless the picture was spiritless there they always were. The want of self-control and artistic training, a preposterous ambition, an ungovernable temperament, with a mind restless and ill at ease from disappointed vanity and other causes, pushed this exaggeration to an extreme. When the demands of a family, and a thoughtless expenditure, compelled him to "condescend" to smaller historical pieces and portraits, he failed; and the man who had been year after year denouncing what Raffaele and Titian had willingly undertaken, found out, when he was driven to try, that, whether high art or low art, portraiture and history on a small scale were more than he could manage; and at last he broke down even on his own ground.

This innate tendency to exaggerate and distort, with a disposition at once violent and obstinate, and a vanity which is unparalleled in the self-confession if not in the thing, was the source of graver faults than any in painting. According to his own account, his childhood and his boyish days were distinguished for bursts of rebellious violence, which the indulgence of kind-hearted but weak parents allowed to proceed unchecked. This fault of theirs was very soon avenged. Instead of assisting his father in his business of a printer and bookseller, he devoted himself to drawing, or amused himself by scampering about the country; and in his eighteenth year, in defiance of his father's wishes, his mother's entreaties and tears, the arguments

of friends, and the probability that he was destroying a good family property, he determined to go to London and become a great painter. After long struggles, and a succession of scenes in which, as he describes them, parental duty or feeling was ruthlessly set aside by himself, his father gave an unwilling consent; and in the narrative, which, many years later, he wrote of his departure, we see the man

to botanize  
Over his mother's grave—

and soon after the funeral too.

My poor father, worn down with long sickness, the sad effect of trying to drown remembrance in wine, tottered about me. I collected my books and colors—packed my things—and on the 13th of May, 1804, took my place in the mail for the next day. The evening was passed in silent musing. Affection for home was smothered, not extinguished, in me; I thought only of London—Sir Joshua—Drawing—Dissection—and High Art.

The next day I ate little, spoke less, and kissed my mother many times. When all my things were corded and packed ready for the mail, I hung about my mother with a fluttering at my heart, in which duty, affection and ambition, were struggling for the mastery.

As evening approached I missed my mother. At last the guard's horn announced the coming mail; I rushed up stairs, called her dear name, and was answered only by violent sobbings from my own bedroom. She could not speak—she could not see me—"God bless you, my dear child!" I could just make out in her sobbings. The guard became impatient; I returned slowly down stairs, with my heart too full to speak, shook my father by the hand, got in, the trunks were soon on the top, the whip cracked, the horses pranced and started off—my career for life had begun!

By degrees my feelings softened down, and when we got to Ridgeway I actually studied at the inn-door the effect of sunset upon a man standing in its golden hue, and maturely thought how to paint it.

During the obscure struggles of an art-student in London there is not much opportunity for self-display upon a large scale, though Haydon's vanity appears in the prominent minuteness he gives to his own doings; while the critical disposition which induces him to note his father's addiction to drink (and the fact may be suspected of exaggeration) is constantly bringing out the failings of those from whom he sought and often received favors. His first step in life was owing to Jackson, then patronized by Lord Mulgrave, and to Wilkie, who had become famous by his "Village Politicians." They spoke of him, and got him his first commission; they also introduced him to Lord Mulgrave, Sir George Beaumont, and others; when, according to Haydon, the obscure youth who had really

\* Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter; from his Autobiography and Journals. Edited and compiled by Tom Taylor, of the Inner Temple, Esq., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and late Professor of the English Language and Literature in University College, London. In three volumes. Published by Longman and Co.

done nothing, however largely he might have talked, became a lion of the aristocracy. In return for which kindness, he abuses Lord Mulgrave, Sir George Beaumont, and the fashionable world by wholesale, as soon as they presume to have an opinion or wish of their own on the pictures they pay for, or suspend their attentions—very probably from some indiscretion on the part of their protégé. And so it is nearly throughout. Everything connected with B. R. Haydon, "historical painter," is exaggerated, everything removed from him dwindled to the smallest point. Even his zeal for high art itself, on which he may be deemed unselfishly interested if on anything, is open to the suspicion of originating in mortified vanity rather than love of a principle. He did not find out the abuses of the Academy till they hung his "Dentatus" badly, declined to elect him an Associate, and (as he says) encouraged Sir George Beaumont to refuse the picture of "Macbeth," which Haydon painted larger than was ordered.

A conspicuous place in the Life is occupied by Haydon's efforts to establish "high art," to make art a national business, and to gain the patronage of the aristocracy for large pictures, whether they have room for them or not, which were not and are not yet the fashion in this country; and Mr. Taylor, usually so sensible and even Radamanthine, rather gives into the painter's views, that he had fallen upon evil days. A man who sets himself to reform a social or moral evil, to which a people is habituated, must make up his mind to opposition and discouragement, extending to martyrdom in the days of martyrs. A man who will insist upon producing an article for which there is no market must make up his mind to have his wares left upon his hands, whatever final success may attend upon the doctrine or the commodity. Ruin or loss in effecting a change is as much a moral law of nature, as that a man will be drowned if he persist in keeping his head under water is a physical law. Yet an exception, hardly to have been looked for, was made in favor of Haydon. His first picture of any mark or promise was "Siccius Dentatus," exhibited in 1810; by which he made 300 guineas. Four years elapsed before "The Judgment of Solomon" was finished; for (notwithstanding spasmodic efforts of industry, which probably injured his constitution, and could scarcely have been beneficial to his hand, eye, or mind) he seems to have been frequently idle. By the sale of the Judgment, a premium from the British Institution, and two trifles, he made upwards of 900*l.* in 1814. Six years elapsed before the appearance of "Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem;" during which Sir George Beaumont took the Macbeth off his hands, and he painted

on commission for Sir Thomas Phillips "Christ's Agony in the Garden." This at least was a subject of high art; it was to be of large size; it was a munificent commission; and it was a failure—we really believe, mainly because he had got 300*l.* on account, and he did not like to work on a subject for another, even if the choice were his own. The exhibition of the Jerusalem, in 1820, produced him a net 1570*l.*; he refused 1000*l.* for the picture; and in 1816 and 1820 he received upwards of 800*l.* for premiums for pupils. Thus, in ten years, notwithstanding his temper, his arrogance, his clamors, his insults alike to friends and foes, he made some 4000*l.*, and it rested with himself to have added another 1000*l.*, by means of his art; what he got from patrons as a direct gift, or as a gift in the form of a loan, is not very clear; but within this period, or two years later, it amounted to at least 2000*l.*, or an average of 600*l.* a year. So much for the injustice, the coldness, the apathy, and what not, on the part of patrons and the public.

An allowance, we readily admit, must be made for the uncertainty of income; as, whatever the theory would seem to be, a man whose income is irregular generally forestalls it on a liberal principle; but Haydon's average, without the Jerusalem, though including his eleemosynary aid, was about 400*l.* a year, and 1500*l.* from the Jerusalem ought certainly to have paid off any debts contracted by a man, who, according to his own account, was a model of the strictest economy. Notwithstanding all his wailings, his debts and difficulties were evidently owing to himself. Chantrey and Wilkie came to London almost penniless, and without a soul to back them. Haydon left his family in defiance of their wishes, and we have seen that he represents his father as broken down by intemperance in 1804. That father, however, "maintained" him till 1810, when he stopped. It might be that he thought of Haydon's sister, or of Haydon's age—two-and-twenty—or that he had that year gained by Dentatus 300 guineas. However, Haydon was then left to his own resources. In 1812 he was in debt 600*l.*, and in debt, despite of four "whitewashings" and an admitted average of 1000*l.* a year in late years, he remained to the end of his life. Some of it might be mismanagement; some of it interest and law-expenses; but the whole really originated in recklessness and extravagance. He had no anxious forecastings about his affairs; never giving debt a thought, till he was, as the phrase is, "troubled," and then dismissing the matter when he had contrived to stave it off. As the object of the work before us is to represent the "historical painter" as a victim to the apathy of patrons and the public, although a model of parsimony, evidence of the fact does not abound.



Enough, however, is unconsciously let out. A story evidently relating to an early period of his life says something of when "I got off my horse." In 1812, we read that he got "entangled with an infernal woman." As soon as he was released from prison the first time, he took an expensive house in a fashionable neighborhood. In 1845, the year before his death, we read:—

*July 8th.*—Eight days have passed, and it is a fact I have only worked two. I wonder the earth does not open.

In the city all day. An execution certain. Bennoch and Twentyman, as usual, saved me. But what a condition to paint in after forty-one years' practice!

Soon after, we find:—

*August 18th.*—Went with the boys to the old Ship Tavern, Greenwich, to eat white-bait; and spent the day in the Park, inhaling the pure air, and enjoying myself immensely.

But it would be idle to multiply instances after the following from 1840:—

*May 21st.*—Worked and finished the Juliet, and hope to conclude to-morrow. 100 guineas in five weeks is twenty guineas a week; not enough to save out of, though I am grateful.

When pecuniary embarrassments constitute the staple subject of a man's journal for five-and-twenty years—writs, executions, and pawning his goods, including clothes and spectacles, forming the incidents of the narrative—and he deliberately tells us that he cannot save out of twenty guineas a week, there is evidently no help for him.

Although somewhat wearying at last from iteration and monotony, these pecuniary difficulties open up some curious saddening scenes, but saying much for the milk of human kindness. Landlords, eating-house keepers, creditors, bailiffs, lawyers, the nobility, and the public at large, in respectively different ways, rendered him sympathy and assistance. Though the steeled gaoler is not often the friend of man, Haydon occasionally found the bailiff so.

The officer behaved like a man. I told him I must shave, and begged him to walk into the painting-room. He did so; and when I came down, I found him perfectly agitated at Lazarus. "O, my God! sir," said he, "I won't take you. Give me your word to meet me at twelve at the attorney's, and I will take it." I did so. At the attorney's we argued the point, and I beat him in the presence of the officer. I proved the gross injustice of the proceeding; and the officer said "he'd be damned if he did not see me through it." I appointed the evening to arrange finally. "But you must remain in the officer's custody," said the attorney. "Not he," said the officer; "let him give me his word, and

I'll take it, though I am liable to pay the debt." I did so; and this man, who never saw me in his life, left me free till night. At night I settled everything. . . . In the evening I went to the sheriff's house; and, as I waited in the parlor, saw the tax-gatherer's paper over the chimney for taxes due, with a note of a peremptory nature! Here is a picture of a human day, of human beings, human delusions, human absurdities, and human law.

Haydon seemed from a very early period to have entertained the notion that people were bound to keep him, and he borrowed from friends (who really had often less means than himself) or applied to patrons without scruple. For many of the latter years of his life his applications degenerated into something very like begging-letters, occasionally veiled by dunning for commissions. His conduct to Peel is a sample. Peel gave him a commission for Napoleon Musing at St. Helena, and his own price, 100*l.* As soon as he got this he was dissatisfied; thought it should have been 200*l.* or 300*l.*; that Peel ought to have given him these sums; and though the patron sent him 30*l.* additional, he was not silenced, but pertinaciously pestered him, till he drew forth this sensible letter—a clincher for any other man, but it had no effect upon Haydon:—

Sir—I beg leave to decline acceding to the proposition which you have made to me.

I think it rather hard, that because I manifested a desire to assist you in your former difficulties, I should be exposed to the incessant applications I have since received from you. As I see no difference in your case from that of other artists—as in truth I am obliged constantly to decline the applications of others, who are suffering from the present state of political excitement—I cannot give you commissions for pictures I do not require.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT PEELE.

24th May, 1832.

As a painter, his life was a failure. Indeed, for many years before his death, it is difficult to fancy that even Haydon himself could imagine his pictures had anything to do with "high art." In a great purpose of his life, impressing the importance of art as a public object, and the necessity of its encouragement by the state, he succeeded. This was done less by his example than by his precepts. His attacks upon the Academy, his attack upon Payne Knight under the pretence of expounding the beauties of the Elgin marbles, his frequent appeals to the public by the press and parliamentary petitions, his pertinacious besetting of great men and ministers, and finally his itinerant lectures on art (which he first had recourse to as a means of raising money), had great effect. So far

as any individual conduced to the establishment of schools of art and the pictorial decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, Haydon was the man. Mr. Taylor ascribes this wholly to his writings; but such is hardly the case. The celebrity of the artist aided the author. A mere critic, essayist, or lecturer, could not have spoken with the authority of the painter of the Judgment of Solomon, the Jerusalem, and the Lazarus.

The necessity of discipline is the moral of Haydon's life; and he seems to intimate that, had he been subjected to greater restraint in childhood and youth, he would have been able to exercise more control over his pen, tongue, and actions, in riper years. It is possible that, if he had been placed under a master in his art whom he respected, his defects of extravagance and self-will, as well in the treatment as choice of his subjects, might have been lessened or cured. About the general moral there is no question; about the effect on Haydon there may be doubts. We cannot help thinking that his self-will and self-importance verged upon insanity.

Haydon's training for his art, and his struggles with his creditors, form a large portion of the Life; but there are other and very interesting matters in it. Except in his fits of idleness, Haydon's activity was incessant. When not painting or reading, he was writing. His journal contains full criticisms on the works he saw, or the ideas that rose in his mind on the principles and practice of art; and though these, like everything else he said or did, contain exaggeration or distortion, and must be received with caution, yet they are well worth reading for their force and keenness, often for their justness. The most attractive parts of the book are the pictures of men and society, and the anecdotes with which it is profusely studded. Haydon's nature was social, or, perhaps more accurately, he was fond of personal display; and from a boy he mixed a good deal with his fellow-men. The gregarious and gossiping nature of most artists, his activity, his own position, or rather the position he claimed for himself, and the undoubted merit of Solomon, Jerusalem, and Lazarus, introduced him to high society, as his pecuniary difficulties made him familiar with men of all sorts. Whatever he observed or heard worth noticing he jotted down with that vigor of thought which was innate, and that clearness of perception, especially for external traits, which is cultivated by a painter's training. To what extent his native disposition to color everything according to his mood of mind or its relation to himself may have influenced his written pictures, we do not profess to settle. Whenever the merit of other artists or their character, if at the time they are in any way

opposed to Haydon, is in question, the reader must take the matter "cum grano." On indifferent subjects there seems little reason to doubt his representation, beyond his natural tendency to make everything Haydonish.

Although he abused portrait-painting for the greater part of his life, and never succeeded in it, probably some of the happiest portion of his career is connected with portraiture. Notwithstanding his democratic coarseness and his professions of independence, Haydon had a strong taint of the tuft-hunter. He was never happier than when with a listening peer—unless he could turn the peer into a prince. When Lord Grey commissioned him to paint the "Reform Banquet," he was introduced, under the premier's auspices, to the ministers and the heroes of the reform bill. The painter was happy, the journalist rarely more amusing. Of all the sitters, Lord Melbourne seemed to have pleased him the most; and he comes out exceedingly well in Haydon's pages:—

*October 13th.*—Lord Melbourne sat again to-day, with great amiability. I asked him point-blank several things. I was very much delighted with his exceeding good-humor, and I hope I have hit his expression. He asked about Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Keats, and Shelley; and seemed much amused at my anecdotes. I never had a pleasanter sitter—a delightful, frank, easy, unaffected man of fashion.

There is nothing like 'em when they add intelligence to breeding.

I spoke of Lord Durham's return. Dead silence. I talked of Birmingham. A sort of hint as to Scholefield and Attwood—a passing opinion, yet confidential.

The whole sitting was entertaining; and now, if he is only pleased with his own head, it will do.

This acquaintance Haydon took care not to let drop; and he must have bored Lord Melbourne terribly when he became premier, with his views on the duty of government towards art, &c. In fact, a minister more attentive to business must have cut him short. Amid all Melbourne's insouciances, however, there are traits of feeling; and here is one:—

*January 13th.*—Read my second lecture at the Mechanics' Institution on the bones, with great applause, and introduced the naked figure.

I told them all if they did not get rid of every feeling of indelicacy in seeing the naked form, and did not relish its abstract beauty, taste for grand art would never be rooted amongst them. This was received with applause, and I broke the ice forever. I always said the middle classes were sound, and I am sure of it. I was obliged to take my black coat out of pawn to lecture in; and this morning, when all my friends are congratulating me, in walks an execution for 50*l*. I wrote to Lord Melbourne, Peel, and Duke of

Bedford. Lord Melbourne sent me directly a check for 70*l*. This was kind-hearted. He told me I must not think him hard, but decidedly he could not repeat it. I concluded my grateful reply by telling him that I should think nothing hard but his building the House of Lords without pictures — at which he laughed heartily, I will be bound.

Notwithstanding the mild dignity of Grey, and the various noble qualities of other noble persons, as soon as Haydon got hold of royalty he preferred it to nobility. With an instinct akin to Falstaff's at Gad's Hill, he discovered a "true prince" in the jolly old Duke of Sussex.

*February 23d.* — Duke of Sussex sat amiably. I never saw anything like it. He exceeds all my sitters for patience and quiet. There he sat smoking and talking. I felt quite easy, and sketched with more ease than I ever did before. He talked on all subjects. I hit him, and he was pleased. No interruption whatever took place.

I found him regarding the National Gallery now with very different feeling to what he held before, and I plainly see I have had effect in high life.

*25th.* — Finished the Duke of Sussex till he comes. There is literally as much difference between a royal person and a mere nobleman as between a nobleman and a mere plebeian. Such is the effect of breeding and habit.

The other great event of Haydon's latter career was a visit to Walmer Castle, to take the head of the Duke of Wellington for the Musing at Waterloo, painted on commission for some gentlemen at Liverpool. The account of the duke in the retirement of his private house is lifelike and interesting; and we quote freely. After sundry applications for a sitting, which the duke could not comply with, he wrote thus: —

Walmer Castle, October 9th, 1839.

The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon. If Mr. Haydon will be so kind as to come to Walmer Castle whenever it may suit him, the duke will have it in his power to sit to him for a picture for certain gentlemen at Liverpool.

This invitation was eagerly accepted, and the journal which follows contains this very full account of it.

*October 11th.* — Left town by steam for Ramsgate. Got in at half-past six; dined; and set off in a chaise for Walmer, where I arrived safely in hard rain. A great bell was rung on my arrival; and, after taking tea and dressing, I was ushered into the drawing-room, where sat his grace, with Sir Astley Cooper, Mr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Booth, who had served with his grace in Spain. His grace welcomed me heartily, asked how I came down, and fell again into general conversation. They talked of —, who kept the Ship. He married an actress from

Astley's. She was a fine lady, and the duke said, "I soon saw all would go wrong; for one day whilst I was there, somebody said he wanted something, and madam, with the air of a duchess, replied, 'She would send the housemaid.' That would n't do. — became bankrupt, and there were trinkets belonging to her; but she preferred her trinkets to her honor, and swore she was not his wife." The duke talked of the sea encroaching at Dover, and of the various plans to stop it. "What! there are plans?" said Sir Astley. "Yes, yes, there are as many Dover doctors as other doctors," said he; and we all laughed.

The duke talked of Bonaparte, and the Abbé du Pradt, and said, "There was nothing like hearing both sides." Du Pradt, in his book (he was à fureur de mémoires), says, that whilst a certain conversation took place at Warsaw between him and Napoleon, the emperor was taking notes. At Elba, Napoleon told Douglas, who told the duke, that the note he was taking was a note to Maret (Duke of Bassano) as follows: "Renvoyez ce coquin là à son archevêque." "So," said the duke, "always hear both sides."

The duke said, when he came through Paris in 1814, Madame de Stael had a grand party to meet him. Du Pradt was there. In conversation he said, "Europe owes her salvation to one man." "But before he gave me time to look foolish," added the duke, "du Pradt put his hand on his own breast, and said, 'C'est moi.'"

The duke talked of the want of fuel in Spain — of what the troops suffered, and how whole houses, so many to a division, were pulled down regularly and paid for to serve as fuel. He said, every Englishman who has a home goes to bed at night. He found bivouacking was not suitable to the character of the English soldier. He got drunk, and lay down under any hedge. Discipline was destroyed. But when he introduced tents, every soldier belonged to his tent, and, drunk or sober, he got to it before he went to sleep. I said, "Your grace, the French always bivouac." "Yes," he replied, "because French, Spanish, and all other nations, lie anywhere. It is their habit. They have no homes."

The duke said, the natural state of man was plunder. Society was based on security of property alone. It was for that object man associated; and he thought we were coming to the natural state of society very fast.

*12th.* — He told me to choose my room and get my light in order, and after hunting he would sit. I did so, and about two he gave me an hour and a half. I hit his grand, upright, manly expression. He looked like an eagle of the gods who had put on human shape, and had got silvery with age and service. At first I was a little affected; but I hit his features, and all went off. Riding hard made him rosy and dozy. His color was fresh. All the portraits are too pale. I found that to imagine he could not go through any duty raised the lion. "Does the light hurt your grace's eye?" "Not at all;"

and he stared at the light as much as to say "I'll see if you shall make me give in, Signor Light."

"T was a noble head. I saw nothing of that peculiar expression of mouth the sculptors give him, bordering on simpering. His color was beautiful and fleshy, his lips compressed and energetic. I foolishly said, "Don't let me fatigue your grace." "Well, sir," he said, "I'll give you an hour and a half. To-morrow is Sunday. Monday I'll sit again." I was delighted to see him pay his duty to Sunday. Up he rose. I opened the door, and hold this as the highest distinction of my life. He bowed and said, "We dine at seven."

At seven we dined. His grace took half a glass of sherry and put it in water. I drank three glasses, Mr. Arbutnot one. We then went to the drawing-room; where, putting a candle on each side of him, he read the *Standard*, whilst I talked to Mr. Arbutnot; who said it was not true Copenhagen ran away on the field. He ran to his stable when the duke came to Waterloo after the battle, and kicked out and gambolled.

I did not stay up to-night. I was tired, went to bed, and slept heartily. It was most interesting to see him reading away. I believe he read every iota. We talked of Lord Mulgrave, whom his grace esteemed. Sir Astley had left in the morning, and in talking of the duke's power of conversation, related that when some one said "Habit is second nature," the duke remarked, "It is ten times nature."

I asked the duke if Cæsar did not land hereabouts. He said he believed near Richborough Castle.

The next day was Sunday. Haydon went to church, and was greatly edified with his host's demeanor. This was the Sunday evening:—

The duke after dinner retired, and we all followed him. He then took the *Spectator*, and, placing a candle on each side of his venerable head, read it through. I watched him the whole time. Young Lucas had arrived, a very nice fellow, and we both watched him. I took Lardner's life of him, in one part of which he says, "He rode in front of fifty pieces of artillery, but God protected his head." I looked up and studied the venerable white head that God still protected. There he was, contented, happy, aged, but vigorous, enjoying his leisure in dignity; God knows, as he deserves. After reading till his eyes were tired, he put down the paper, and said, "There are a great many curious things in it, I assure you." He then yawned, as he always did before retiring, and said, "I'll give you an early sitting to-morrow, at nine." I wished his grace a good night, and went to bed.

"With pity or with terror tear my heart"  
is the test of the dramatic poet. The heart

is not much touched in these volumes; the miseries of the hero being so obviously the result of his own conduct. The intellect is moved with something of a tragic interest, in watching the blind, uncertain, pertinacious struggles of the young artist in his aspirations towards excellence; in viewing the mistakes of his middle life, and the degradation of his latter years; while the vision of his untimely end looms gloomily over all, like the inevitable catastrophe of a tragedy, speculations on suicide curiously enough sometimes turning up in the journals. There is also great dramatic unity of character; "the hero preserves his consistency to the last." The first dozen pages of his life is a type of the temper and habits of his whole career. Besides this interest, there are, as we have intimated, many thoughts on art, many sketches of strange characters and strange scenes, with many pictures and anecdotes of the leading names that figured before the world for forty years of a stirring period. It is a Benvenuto Cellini of the nineteenth century, with greater force, a deep tragedy, and more self-importance, if that be possible.

The first volume of the work consists of Haydon's completed autobiography, begun towards the end of his life. The other two volumes are arranged by Mr. Taylor from the painter's journals, of which he left behind him twenty-seven folio volumes. And admirably has the editor fulfilled his task. Doubts may be raised as to the propriety of suppressing some passages, and objections made as to the insertion of others; but the questions in either case are much more easily raised than settled. The selections strike us as being made with as much judgment and acumen as it was possible to display; and the connecting passages, though few in number, masterfully exhibit Haydon's position at the time, and call the reader's attention to moral or social peculiarities with great fairness and justice. The closing estimates seem to us the weakest. So far from thinking Haydon unfortunate in his age, we think the reception of his Solomon and Jerusalem, and the assistance he received in the interim, remarkable proofs of justice and generosity; for, directly or indirectly, he had been violently abusing numbers of those who assisted him. The estimate of Haydon as a painter, contributed by an artist-friend of Mr. Taylor, we think harsh. That Haydon's later works justify all that may be said against them, must be conceded; but we think his two great productions exhibit some of the highest qualities of the greatest artist, though dashed there, as they were finally rendered nugatory, by want of early training and the power of mental self-control.

From the Examiner, 24 July.

### NESSELRODE'S LAST.

SINCE the publication of the Nesselrode *ultimatum* there can no longer remain a doubt of the occupation of the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia by Russian troops. And never certainly since the days of the partition of Poland was there a more unconstitutional or insolent attack upon a weak and almost unresisting neighbor. That Russia, in full peace, without provocation, should thus wantonly take a step seriously menacing the independence of the Porte, depriving it of the allegiance and resources of two of its provinces, and destroying the loyalty or at least the tranquillity of a third province, that of Bulgaria, is surely something that calls for a serious resolution on the part of the Western Powers of Europe. If Russia be now allowed to occupy the Turkish provinces without let or inconvenience to herself, it will become a rule that she may occupy them at any time hereafter without war. A frontier province which a country may seize without giving a pretext for resistance, may indeed be considered as already appertaining to that country. But this occupation not only threatens the Turkish territories north of the Balkan, it threatens Constantinople itself.

It is quite idle now to say that the Turk is to be left to the responsibility of his own acts, and is free to consider the passage of the Pruth as war or not war. All the world knows that the Sultan will be guided by the advice of France and England. If the Sultan tolerate the insult and accept the invasion, the announcement to the entire East will be that the maritime powers of the West quail before Russia; and, in the teeth of the wanton provocation of that power, dare not bring up their fleets to Constantinople. If this be the end, all we can say is, that we have indulged much vamping and a large expense for no purpose, except to render more manifest our impotence and our pusillanimity. We have either the right and the power to defend the Turkish Empire from Russia, or we have not. If we, that is, France and England, have the power as well as the right, now is the time to exercise it. Never again in the lapse of years will such another opportunity occur. If some certain limit be not now fixed to Russian advances, we may take for granted that every limit will be overstepped. We have now the opportunity, as we have the right and the power, to declare, that the passage of the Pruth by the Russians, without any pretext to be found in any treaty, is a breach of the present settlement of Europe, and requires instant interference to provide against its consequences. The simplest precaution is that of the allied fleets anchoring in the Bosphorus. It is an act that really does in no

wise menace Russia, or cripple her resources. It is very far from an ample set-off to the invasion of the principalities. But it is an act that would address itself to the invaded populations, and would make manifest to the world and to Russia that the Western Powers are not prepared to permit the conquest and appropriation of the Turkish capital and empire. Let that be done, and we shall have no war. Let it be not done, let Russia push her soldiers to the foot of the Balkan with impunity and there dictate terms, as to the Sultan she alleges it to be her intention, and the Western Powers give up *ipso facto* the interests for which they were arming, and declare all their remonstrances and threats to be mere idle vamping.

The entire conduct of Russia since February is inexplicable, except upon the generally-believed supposition that there is a powerful party in the empire which is growing impatient, and which blames Nicholas for being so dilatory in pushing forward his means of conquest. It is a war party that sent and supports Prince Menschikoff, and if it triumph, if it can exhibit to the Czar the Western Powers abandoning Turkey, or some of the best provinces of Turkey, to the invader, it will acquire fresh spirit, insolence, and hardihood, and fresh national support for more audacious advances. If, on the other hand, the position taken up by this party can be shown to have put Russia at a disadvantage, and to have led to measures which must permanently render the capital of Turkey secure against an invasion from the Black Sea, then the more rational and tolerant statesmen of Russia will resume the sway, and we shall have to deal with a rational European rival instead of with a barbarous Asiatic antagonist.

16th July.

Up to the appearance of Count Nesselrode's second note we did not share in the apprehensions of war, our fears were of another kind. We believed in the continuance of peace, not because we put any trust in the justice or the prudence of the Emperor Nicholas, but because we distrusted the union and firmness of the powers bound both by good faith and common interests to oppose him, and laid our account with a temporizing policy, which would allow the Czar to steal advantages in the form of compromises. Our notion was that the wilful man would have his way; that having asked much that was unjust, he would succeed in extorting some portion of it. What we expected was analogous to the compounding of a felony, with this difference only, that the concession would be made to avert the larger robbery, instead of consequently upon it, like the conditions of black mail.



But the second note indicates dispositions of another nature, and sounds a point of war. It sets truth, and with it opinion, at defiance. It manifests the spirit of insolence, injury, and defiance. It seems to express the resolution of the wilful man not only to have his way, but to have it without bating a jot of its wrongfulness, and with all the aggravations of insolence that can be superadded.

Count Nesselrode's statement amounts to this, that his master made certain just demands upon the Porte; that he requested the government of France and England not to encourage the Porte to refuse those demands, implying that those governments were disposed to counsel resistance to what was equitable and right; that eventually the Sultan, being countenanced and supported by the two powers to the effect deprecated, gave a negative response to the claims of Russia.

Now it is to be observed that the whole responsibility for the act of the Porte declared so wrongful and offensive to the Emperor, is cast upon the counsels of France and England, charged with having performed the part of evil advisers. The Sultan is represented as a mere instrument in the hands of the two powers, and upon them should the vengeance of Russia fall if any vengeance were due.

In consequence of these proceedings Count Nesselrode tells the world that the Emperor threw his troops into the principalities, not to make war, which is to be avoided as long as possible, or until it may be compelled, but because, in default of the moral guarantee demanded and refused by the Porte, a material security was provisionally requisite, and also because the menacing position taken by the two maritime powers in the Turkish waters, and in sight of the capital, could not be regarded as other than a maritime occupation.

Such is the substance of the statement so far, and the misrepresentations and falsehood are as numerous as the particulars.

The occupation of the principalities in the event of the refusal of the convention had been predetermined and announced by the Russian Emperor, and it would have taken place just as it has done if the French fleet had never stirred from Toulon, nor the British fleet from Malta. The fact is notorious to the world that the Russian troops were not set in motion by the movement of the combined fleets, but that the combined fleets were set in motion by the movement of the Russian troops. And what is the meaning of this "material guarantee" in lieu of the moral to which Russia helps herself in the occupation of the Danubian provinces? It is said not to be war, and yet to be a means of extorting what is demanded of Turkey. It is simply the operation of putting the Sultan to the question by the thumbscrew or boot. It is

not forsooth making war, but it is making the approaches of war. It is not cutting Turkey's throat, but bringing the knife handily to the neck.

The occupation of the provinces is to be a security till better counsels have prevailed with the ministers of the sultan. But it has been declared that the counsels which have prevailed and do prevail are the counsels of France and England, and therefore France and England must be dispossessed of their influence with the Porte before the Emperor will abandon the occupation of the provinces. This puts Russia in a position of diametrical opposition to France and England. Turkey must yield the point which France and England think it fatal to her independence to surrender, before the Czar will evacuate the provinces, his occupation of which is thus to be of the duration of the prevalence of French and English policy at Constantinople.

It is obvious that in this posture of things the hostile spirit is not nearly so much between the two principals concerned as between the principal on the one side, and the two abettors of the opposite cause on the other.

To elench the matter, Count Nesselrode declares that the condition preliminary to the withdrawal of the Russian troops must be the satisfaction demanded in full, and also the cessation of the pressure exercised by the attitude of the two maritime powers. This declaration is really superfluous, for the previous statement of the resolution to occupy the provinces till different counsels shall animate the Sultan's ministers amounts to precisely the same effect; for so long as the voices of France and England prevail in the Sultan's counsels, concessions inconsistent with the independence of his sovereignty will be refused, and the fleets will be at hand to afford the protection counterpoise to the menacing armies on the frontier, and should ever counsels of another character unhappily sway the Porte, the same advice that persuades to unworthy concessions must infallibly also prompt the dismissal of the combined fleets.

The pretence that the occupation of the provinces is the counterpart to or consequence of the presence of the fleets in the Turkish waters is of monstrous impudence. It is as if a burglar should justify breaking into your house by alleging that a friendly visitor was on the threshold of your door. Or, to resort to a proverbial illustration, one man steals the horse, on the plea that another, and he the owner's friend, is permitted to look over the hedge. The statement that the combined fleets are within sight of Constantinople is of a piece with all the rest of the document, purely fabulous. Indeed, the only truths in the note are that the Porte has refused to comply with the demands of the Czar, and

that France and England have encouraged her resistance. As for the pretences, they are but plagiarisms from the old story of the wolf and the lamb. The studied aim of the present note seems to be quarrel. It cuts off all retreat for the Emperor, burns the ship as it were, and it equally makes it impossible for the combined powers to advise concessions without dishonor. It intimates plainly and rudely, "You have backed the Sultan in resistance, but he shall yield in spite of you, and you shall either be the passive and tame spectators of his coercion, or you shall yourselves recant your own lessons, and counsel his submission."

It is too late now to discuss the question whether we have been wise in such company to pledge ourselves to the preservation of the Turkish Empire. Wisely or unwisely, we have committed ourselves, and must stand faithfully and manfully by our ally in the position we have encouraged him to occupy, or cover ourselves with ignominy. The "perfidious Albion" will be a well-earned name if we should desert Turkey, or advise her to compromise one jot of her independence and her honor. Farther, the spirit of aggression manifested by Russia, and the eagerness for quarrel, can only be controlled by a timely and firm line of resistance; and we shall but lay up farther troubles, difficulties, and dangers, by postponing the day of reckoning. The choice may not be of war or no war, but of war for an ally in the best condition for self-defence, or of war for that ally when his means of resistance are exhausted; a battle for a dead body, not for a man who can aid in combating for his cause.

The present uncertainty and suspense are to commercial interests almost a worse evil than war, and it is desirable that an end should be put to them by a declaration, as soon as circumstances may permit of it, of the principles which our government is prepared to abide by, and the limits of its endurance. If submission be the intention, let it be present, not ultimate; let us at once "welcome infamy and lasting shame;" let us meet them with the meek resignation of martyrs, not come to them with the bluster of bullies. Above all, let us put away our arms that we may have the plea of helplessness for yielding, for the shame of being bullied is much enhanced when it is borne sword in hand.

The resolution one way or the other should be taken to make a stand or a prostration, for our turn must soon come if Russia has her way. The tide, not the tide of Lord Derby's fears, but the tide of despotism, is rolling forth, and it is time to determine whether to present a barrier against it, or to open the sluices to its career.

From the Spectator, 23d July.

#### WAR WITH RUSSIA.

How altered is the relation between this country and Russia within a short three months, may be learned from the altered language of the English statesman who above all others must speak under the strongest sense of responsibility. On the 25th of April, Lord Clarendon made a statement to the Peers on the subject of Turkey, in which he described Prince Menschikoff's mission as being ordered "with a view to placing the question of the holy shrines on a permanent footing;" "considerable naval and military preparations," he said, "had been going on, but they had been greatly exaggerated by public rumor. Her Majesty's government felt precisely the same confidence which his noble friend (Lord Clarendon) professed to entertain in the honor and integrity of the Emperor of Russia; and when that sovereign gave his word as to what he was going to do, and what he was not going to do, he believed that the people of this country, as well as their government, would place full reliance on it."

On the 12th of July, Lord Clarendon speaks with a very changed tone. He admits the striking diversities in the text of Russian official documents, composed for exportation or written in Russian "for home consumption;" he avers that whatever may be the assertion in the Russian note respecting the advance of the French and British fleet "within sight of the Turkish capital," the fact is that the fleet has not so advanced; and while he dismisses the assertion as if it were scarcely worth notice, he announces that our government will not grant the condition demanded by Russia — the withdrawal of the combined fleet. Lord Clarendon, it would seem, no longer believes Russian state papers; he has come to distrust the honor and integrity of the Russian Emperor.

And with reason. Russia has fairly thrown off the mask. We now recognize in her acts the very character ascribed to them by the anticipations which Lord Clarendon could not believe; we see her claim as "rights" the exercise of an alien influence within Turkey, and now perceive that such has been the object of her systematic encroachments; we see her occupying territory beyond her own frontier, unblushingly misrepresenting facts known to all Europe, and, while levying war, hypocritically disclaiming war. Russia has ceased to conceal her steadfast and hereditary course of interminable aggression, and now, by free choice, she prefers to make her strides of encroachment with a bad, bold openness, as if to rebuke those who have thought her bound by good faith, and to overawe Europe by naked terror.

Russia proclaims war, save on conditions humiliating to the states that might acquiesce; and the hour has come therefore when England must perforce confront the question of peace or war in its most formidable shape — war with the most powerful and unscrupulous state in Europe, or peace on degrading terms.

Morally, it would seem, we are bound to maintain the position already taken up by our ministers. If a great state should never profess without being prepared to act, so, having entered upon a course of action, should she be prepared to go through with it, but especially when she has encouraged a weaker power to venture upon action under the assurance of support. It is true that such moral obligation has been forgotten in former instances, even within the last five years; but there is probably no precedent for abandoning an allied protégé after entering upon obligations so solemn as those which we have incurred with Turkey. Moral considerations and sentiments, however, are not final with Englishmen at the present day; and the most weighty elements for a judgment must be sought in those reasons which are more material. Yet, on some ground or other, England is now called upon to decide whether she will yield or persevere in that which she has declared to be the right.

Already a conspicuous place has been given to the material motives against a decisive course. The very abundance of our prosperity has been pressed into the service; attention has been drawn to a revenue "which in the face of continued reduction and disturbance yields in one year nearly two millions more than it did the year before;" and we are reminded that the nation, which has been and still is laboring under unparalleled burdens, is employing the ease afforded by her prosperity in deliberately, quietly, and perseveringly effecting a better distribution of those burdens, so as to relieve her industry, her commerce, and her people. War is "one of those miserable necessities that we approach, as it were, in sackcloth and ashes, with grievous pain and dark presentiment." "We should have to meet expenditure on all sides, with fresh taxes, and a decline in the revenue;" "our millions saved by judicious economy" becoming "as drops in the ocean of a bottomless expense." "We could," it is admitted, "suspend the whole foreign commerce of Russia — by a process which would double the price of our corn, hemp, and tallow;" "we feeling the mischief at once, but Russia not till next year, since our supplies are already paid for. Alliances would be purchased only with subsidies. And we have colonies to defend.

To these considerations against embarking on a warlike career may be added two others. The long endurance of peace has perhaps unfitted the once conquering people of England

for its old achievements; not only has a proportion not exactly known become enervated in its moral as well as its physical energies, but the general habits of thought have been welded to peace; and the English nation might prove to be incapable of the sacrifices as well as the exertions of a time of war. If so, Russia is nearly the worst power in the world to be against us. Her geographical position, fronted by mountains, backed by deserts — her wide extent of impracticable territory — her magnitude — the poverty of her people — her *vis inertia* — all constitute her a thankless opponent; and, although there may be dawning ideas even in Russia, her inhabitants have not yet such elevation of thought that an appeal would lie, as in some other countries, from her government to them.

To put it plainly, then, the gigantic difficulty of coercing such a power as Russia, coupled with the English worship of wealth, the dread of losing our gains, and our long disuse of war, may drive us to the conclusion, that, humbling as it would be, we must succumb.

But let us understand the consequences also of that course. Evidently, if, discarding moral obligations to Turkey, national honor, and other chivalrous ideas, England is to back out of this quarrel, it must be on a settled and broad principle of not interfering at all in foreign matters: henceforth England must shut herself up to herself, and isolate herself politically as well as geographically. But even such a course has an alternative choice in it. Although keeping herself to herself, there is a question inevitably arising, whether she must defend her commerce or not? If she must, then the very work of defence against enemies excited and inflated by triumphs must inevitably draw us into rather serious conflicts, perhaps into retaliatory aggressions. The very possession of arms, as some politicians argue, exposes us to the temptation of using them; and it might be thought better, it might indeed be logically more proper, to dispense with armed defence altogether, and to put implicit trust in peace-reciprocity and the force of commercial principles.

In either case, England must leave Europe to be controlled by the council of powers in which she would no longer be represented; leaving Russia paramount, with no check save from vacillating Prussia, precarious France, and Russia's own grand protégé, Austria. We need not pause upon the effect of such an uncontested supremacy on the progress of Russia in the East — on her designs towards India — on the Egyptian transit; but we allude here more especially to the effect of leaving Europe under the sway of a power that embodies a great military despotism, is

restoring a mediæval policy of systematic deception, has been systematically anti-commercial, and is now raising an influence of systematic defiance, lifting herself above public law and destroying the virtue of treaties. Commerce, public law, and national independence, are all cast into the stake, if Russia be thus left to occupy the field of Europe in uncontested supremacy.

There is indeed an idea, vaguely enough entertained and variously expressed, that something will be gained by procrastination — that, if we let matters take their course, and only avoid extremities, "something may turn up," or that we shall have acquired some addition to our resources. Either supposition is possible, but by no means so probable, so certain, as other contingencies. If we may be better off in accumulated wealth, the enervating influences of wealth and peace will be proportionate; while "something may turn up" also for Russia. To her, with vast resources and crude growth, a year's delay is equal to a campaign with decaying Turkey; and while we should inevitably grow weaker, more incapable of arousing ourselves, she would as certainly grow stronger. In the mean time, any hesitation on our part could not but tend to mislead vacillators. If we at once and decisively abide by the defence of public law, the other powers of Europe ought to thank us, and most likely will. If we were to give up, they would most likely seek a sole refuge against anarchy in the Russian alliance.

On the other hand, if we go forward, it must be with a deliberate conception of the difficulties and consequences. We must be prepared to meet a power which has proved itself to be unscrupulous in word and act, and whose excesses of hypocrisy and violence we must meet with unswerving straightforwardness and indomitable resolution. We must be prepared to meet aggression with aggression. We must be ready to strike a decisive blow — whether on the very imperial centre of the enemy, shattering the prestige of an empire and a family in one concentrated stroke, or on the borders, reviving old and dormant but not extinct fires of nationalities oppressed, old pride of Lithuanian independence, Polish ambitions, Swedish fears, Hungarian revenges, or Slavonian federalism; or we must be ready to drive other allies to their duty by fears so terrible as would counterbalance the unwholesome dread of Russia, and so against Russia rouse Europe.

It is true that in doing so we should be driven into a strong policy, to which our soft-handed statesmen of the present day would hardly fit themselves on the instant; yet it is astonishing to find how soon the palm hardens to its work with the more handling of the sword-hilt that at first chafes it.

It is true, also, that piteous complaints might be made by powers placed between two fires. Austria, for instance, might beg to be neutral; but she cannot. When Russia raises the flame of war, all must help to put it out, or must submit to the measures necessary for that end. It is the greatest of crimes against social law to set a man's house on fire, for it destroys both life and property; but if the house beyond him is in flames, it is no longer a crime but a virtue to blow up his; and it is Austria's misfortune — we will not now recall her crimes — that she stands next to that incendiary Russia, who has a mania for sporting with firebrands. For Austria, as well as for us, the cost of an European war would be tremendous; but is it avoidable, save at the hideous sacrifice of public law? That is the problem to be solved.

In the worst of extremities there is a refuge, a reliance. We have trusted to the honor and integrity of the Czar, to his enlightened zeal for civilization; and the results are developing before us, in war which he calls by some prettier name, in forcible seizure of lands and "rights" not his, in spoliation, in aggression which is unjust. He is firm in his reliances, his silver cross, and his self-worshipped "dignity;" and shall we confess that we have no equal reliance of our own? — that if our trust in the Emperor's honor and integrity be taken away, we have nothing left to trust to? We have not yet come to that pass. We can at least trust in ourselves; in our principles, which have worked so well, and led us to so many victories. We can trust in justice — not the so-called justice and real grasp at selfish interests of Russia, but in a justice which is to bring the most immediate benefits to others even before ourselves — that enduring justice which belongs to the eternal life and survives all scathe. We are slow to move; but if once we move, shall we once retreat, if with whole heart and a firm right hand we place all our trust in "God and the right?"

From the Spectator, 23d July.

#### THE TURKISH QUESTION.

NEGOTIATION appears to be gaining ground towards the settlement of the Russo-Turkish question; but appearances scarcely less authentic or conclusive than official documents throw considerable doubt upon the honest approach towards a just settlement. M. Drouyn de Lhuys has issued a circular note in answer to the second note of Count Nesselrode; and the new reply is marked by all the clearness, closeness, and force of the pen that composed it. The French minister demolishes the Russian pretence that the previously decided occupation of the principalities was a



set-off against the advance of the French and English fleet to Besika Bay; and while Count Nesselrode's public notes refer to the question of the Holy Places as the one on which Russia is still proceeding, the reply shows that the very same minister and the Russian ambassador at Paris had spoken of the question of the Holy Places as "happily closed." At the same time, though M. Drouyn de Lhuys renews the declaration that the general interest of the world precludes the admission of a doctrine that powerful states can use means of oppression towards weak states which are their neighbors, he repeats, that the French government does not abandon the search for a means of reconciling Russia and Turkey. The conciliatory view is pursued in a non-official article in the *Pays*—a paper more elaborately hinting a desire on the part of Louis Napoleon, the supposed author, for making it up with the Emperor Nicholas. This looks as if, while M. Drouyn de Lhuys was maintaining the sterner dignity of France before the world, M. de la Guéronnière were sent with a private hint to the Russian Emperor that his dignity would not be hurt by being as conciliatory as he has been before. Reports from St. Petersburg announce the arrival of one of the many propositions made to Russia, with a reception so favorable that the hopes of peace are very strong; other reports announce the rejection of those proposals, with a counter-proposal; but in fact no authentic information has arrived.

The one thing certain is, that by these further negotiations Russia is gaining time; during which Turkey is feeling the full force of her own internal weaknesses, of which there are only too many signs. A conspiracy, apparently led by certain ecclesiastical students in Constantinople, had been discovered. Its object was to dethrone Abd-ul-Medjid, and to replace him by Abd-ul-Asis, his brother; who is presumed to be more favorable to the high Mussulman party. The conspiracy was strangled with the bowstring, in the persons of the leaders.

Shortly after, the Sultan dismissed Redschid Pasha and his colleagues, and called to his council as minister Ali Pasha; who was again obliged to vacate office for Redschid Pasha in a few hours. There are circumstances besides vacillation which mark the unfortunate character of this proceeding. Redschid has managed the negotiations on the part of Turkey with very great ability; he is at once the stronghold of the Divan in its diplomatic storms, and a stronghold also against the reactionary bigotries of the Mussulmans; and if it was bad to displace Redschid Pasha, Ali Pasha was the very worst man to select in the whole Turkish dominions, since he had just been recalled from Smyrna

for a weakness and vacillation of conduct which had complicated the Turkish government with Austria. He had agreed to give up to the Austrian consul a returned Hungarian refugee, Kossta; and his delays in doing so appear to have led to the dispute, in the course of which Kossta was seized by an Austrian sea-captain, the Austrian officer had a serious quarrel with an American officer, and in a riot an Austrian midshipman was killed. It is a detriment to Turkey that Ali Pasha should have been minister even for an hour.

The uncertain conduct of the Slavonian population in the principalities is another disastrous circumstance. Russian emissaries who had been in Serbia, and were travelling about with great activity, were received by the people and their leaders with distinguished honors. The Russians are evidently doing their best, on the one hand, to alienate the Slavonic population from Turkey, and on the other to familiarize the Slavonic mind with the Russians as their natural patrons. Instead of simply crossing the Pruth, the Russian troops have established their headquarters at Bucharest, near the Danube. With extensive military arrangements, and works even of so permanent a kind as fortifications, Prince Gortchakoff appears to act as if his instructions did not anticipate a temporary, much less a brief, occupation of the Turkish dominions. The statement that he had taken possession of the post-office, and usurped other civil functions, has not been denied. Possibly, Russia may negotiate in the hope of wearing out objections to her remaining in the principalities; and if so, those provinces are already taken from Turkey and annexed to Russia. Arguments of weight are industriously circulated, even in London, to show that it would be vain to persevere in any attempt to keep up the decayed Ottoman empire; and the foibles of the Turkish government are lending a fatal force to those arguments. But there is no reason why, because the Ottoman minority cannot be maintained in its political rule over Christian Turkey, that the great barrier of an independent state to the encroachments of the hordes beyond should be passively surrendered by Europe at large.

From the Examiner, 16th July.

#### WHY RUSSIA SHOULD BE NOW RESISTED.

To be a first-rate power, to have been so blessed and favored by Providence as to become one, and to have risen to that height by the industry, courage, hardihood and resolution, of the English race—to be all this, and yet shirk its manifest duties, is impossible. For who will say that that position has not



entailed upon us duties, duties to ourselves and our present interest, to our race and past name, to Europe, and to the world? To be a first-rate nation, and yet profess indifference to the balance and distribution of power, or indifference to the fate of such nations as are emerging from barbarism and struggling for independence, this, we repeat, is as impossible for a proud and a just nation, as it is impolitic for a prudent and foreseeing one.

Such a view of our duties as a first-rate power is not the less just, because a sense of such duties may have been so strained on former occasions as to fling the country into a war of principles. The great struggle between France and England occupied a quarter of a century, and exhausted both the countries that were foremost in civilization. It was this that created opportunities for countries the youngest and least advanced of the European race to step forth before their time, and assume an ascendancy which now menaces even to thrust back civilization itself. Our mistake was to have quarrelled for mere opinion with a country that stood beside us in the foremost ranks, and which, so closely our equal, maintained an almost interminable struggle.

The duty now imposed, and the interests appealing to England and to France together for protection, involve no mere preferences of opinion. Considerations of democracy or despotism have nothing to do with them. It is the great material question whether one power shall be allowed to become so preponderant on the confines of Europe and Asia, as virtually, if it succeeds, to dominate the two continents. It is a question, not merely of government or its principles, but of self-conservation, of national existence. Whatever forbearance we may suppose to mark the politics of Russia, or whatever fabulous magnanimity we may impute to its Emperor, we can judge by his present tone and demands, while the Pruth yet bounds his empire, what would be his requirements and his policy were his eagles hoisted upon Saint Sophia. The Czar now, from his stronghold at the extremity of the Black Sea, ordains the closing of the Dardanelles against us — an order, forsooth, which our marvellously prudent statesmen think it advisable already to obey. Enthroned the Czar at Constantinople, and could he do less than close the straits of Gibraltar? The stretch of authority would really not be greater than its proportion to his advanced empire and improved position.

The possession of Constantinople, we well know, confers on him who grasps it the first maritime position in the world, an inexpugnable position, behind which navies to any extent could be prepared and manned. Had Napoleon, crushed as his naval strength was, possessed such a resource as Constantinople,

he could have renewed with us ten times over the struggle for maritime superiority. Suppose Russia in that position, and Greeks and Slavonians would then have no choice but to adopt the Russian uniform. The wild races on either side of the Straits demand but a great military power which will give them pay and a fair chance of success. Mahomedanism, humbled in the person of the Prophet's descendant and in the fall of his empire, would enlist its remaining energies in the service of the Russian Sultan. And we should soon find England, its colonial possessions, and world-wide trade, not only menaced and interrupted throughout Asia and Africa, but its naval power disputed on the Mediterranean.

But the result of such augmented might on the part of Russia, of the swelling of her armed masses from hundreds of thousands to tens of hundreds of thousands, would be even more fatal to the continent of Europe than to the maritime powers. As it is, the Slavonians and Germans groan under her impending weight, which forbids to every remnant of the races either nationality or representative institutions; and jeopardized as we already find the latter in France, we could scarcely hope other than to see them utterly extinguished on the continent of Europe, if Russian influence should be able now to strengthen and extend itself.

It is, indeed, needless to dilate on such a theme, or to depict the too manifest consequences of a Russian occupation of Constantinople. That war would be obviated by allowing the Russians unresisted to establish themselves on the Bosphorus is an argument too absurd for even a Peace Society. Such an event would not only necessitate war in order to extricate ourselves, our trade, shipping, the sea, India and Europe, from a yoke more universal than Napoleon ever dreamed of imposing, but would involve a quarter of a century's war of the civilized and industrious West against the despotic and military East, in order to get back a full emancipation.

The Russians, however, it will be said, do not mean to advance on Constantinople. The Czar in his very manifesto disclaims territorial aggrandizement. He merely insists on a kind of suzerainty over all men professing the Greek faith, which history, it is declared, has given to Russia, and which is now to be maintained by arms. But what is such dominion, if not over the soil, at least over the races that occupy it, save a sovereignty far more efficient than if extended over the soil itself, and rendering the latter facile of completion at any time? The doctrine of the Czar plainly establishes two kinds of allegiance, the political and the religious. And the religious allegiance which he claims from the political subjects of Turkey, he claims openly not as a duty of charity or protection,

but as a source and prerogative of material power.

The advancement of such principles, the attempted assertion of such rights, is as bold an advance on the part of the Czar to substitute himself for the Sultan as if one of his armies had reached Adrianople. His determination to occupy the principalities until such claims be allowed, is moreover as violent a proceeding towards Turkey, and as defiant towards those powers which have promised to support its independence, as Russia could venture on. Nevertheless it is all the result of deliberate calculation. Russia is bidding for the sovereignty over the Christians of the East. It is acting so as to invite their adherence, their admiration, their trust. It is its counter-invitation to that of the other powers which have been suggesting to the Greek and Slavonian Christians that the immunities of their religion might perhaps be better preserved by freedom and independence than by subservience to Russia. Greeks and Slavonians are at this moment wavering between the two kinds of advice, and between the powers that proffer them. And their adherence, it is to be feared, will not be given to those who would flatter their hopes of dignity and independence, but to those who will at once secure them the steadiest and most efficient succor. If Russia comes forward with acts and armies, while the West merely advances with embassies and protests, or with navies sneaking for a few weeks without and around the entrances to Turkish ports, the Greek Christians can have no choice. They become the prey of the boldest. And in the future struggle for the freedom of the East, of the sea, and of Europe, we shall find the Greek Christians arrayed against civilization, not for it.

The question is to be decided now, and decided in a great measure by the attitude which the British government shall assume. We regard it as not doubtful that the two wealthiest, most populous, and most advanced countries in Europe are more than a match for the poorest, the most barbarous, and the least peopled. We do not believe that Russia will risk a war with us. We are convinced that at present what we see of boldness and decision on the part of Russia, of hesitation and doubt on the part of the maritime powers, has been owing altogether to the Russian Emperor's thorough acquaintance with our weak points; too natural in a constitutional government like ours, and which oftener enables enemies to take advantage of our weakness, than friends to put confidence in our strength. Russia, in fact, knows the *carte du pays*, and has marched across the Pruth solely because of the conviction that Lord Aberdeen would not resent it.

In this, however, the Czar may find himself

mistaken. Great forbearance may not preclude resolute action at last. And if we may judge from the highly satisfactory remarks with which the *Times* followed up the highly unsatisfactory announcement on Monday that the passage of the Pruth would not be met by any immediate act of reprisal, we may perhaps hope that the hesitation and forbearance of the British cabinet have been exhausted, and that we may now expect from it a resistance more in accordance with dignity as well as good policy.

The *Times* hints its suspicion that the present occupation of the principalities by Russia, with all the plausible palaver put forth in excuse of it, may be merely a prelude to an advance of the Russian armies across the Danube in the approaching spring; the conquest of Constantinople in 1854 being facilitated by the manœuvres of its diplomatists and soldiers in 1853. This may or may not be so. But, at all events, Russia is not a power to precipitate a movement that cannot be supported. She is always advancing towards her aim, from which her policy is never absolutely to recede. Years will give her numbers, resources, opportunities. She loses not by waiting, provided that in the waiting she does not lose character, or allow her antagonists to gain ground, in the affection and attachment of the Christian population of the Levant. Russia has of late years suffered two or three rebuffs at Constantinople, which, with the continued ascendancy of Lord Stratford, ruinously diminished her prestige and affected her power. It is probably to undo this, rather than to make any movement this or next year on Constantinople, that she has now passed the Pruth. It remains for us either to enhance the success of her ambitious movement by acquiescing in it, or, by taking the fit steps to defeat its consequences, and bring the braggart to terms, to manifest that there are in Europe powers as much alive and energetic to work out the independence of the East, as there are powers but too eager for its permanent enslavement.

From the Examiner, 23d July.

#### THE EASTERN QUESTION.

ALL well-informed people both in London and Paris appear to entertain the belief that the Eastern quarrel is either arranged, or in a fair way to be so. They rely on the fact that Austria, and even Prussia, are at length in full accord with England and France, to urge upon Russia, now that its emperor has been gratified by a forthpouring of his legions to the Danube, to pursue no further a quarrel by which every country in Europe has been awakened, and in which every European government, not to speak of that of the United States, will be

bound to take a part. The *sine quâ non* of the four powers is that Russia should fix a period for the evacuation of the principalities. Without this, nothing would be achieved. As to the note, declaration, or convention, relative to the Christians in Turkey, there are a hundred ways of drawing it up, a hundred modes of interpreting it, and a hundred modes of sanction. The strength and stringency of the convention are of little moment, however, provided the other powers insist on making themselves parties to it as well as Russia. Less than this can surely not be insisted on; and yet, little as this may seem to us, there must be so much that is galling to Russia in a forced retreat behind the Pruth, redeemed by no plain or decisive diplomatic victory, that we cannot but still withhold our adherence to the general confidence which prevails.

The Czar has in truth so precipitated matters, and indulged his imperial humor in such high-sounding language and pretensions, that he has placed himself and his brother ruler of Turkey in the same predicament. Both will now find it equally difficult to satisfy their zealots. How is the great Russian mission to dominate the universe? How is the descendant of the Prophet to be always able and prepared for the religious duty of battling with the infidel? Undoubtedly it would be the Sultan's interest at this moment to provoke war. The fate of his empire, he must know, will in no very distant time be decided by arms; and never could the two sides proceed to the struggle, with so much of right on the Turkish side, and so much of wrong on that of Russia. Never can England and France be more united in principle, in policy, and in honor, to support Turkey. Never could the Sultan, in fact, hope for so favorable an opportunity; and that this is felt by Abdul Medjid, as well as by certain old politicians of Constantinople, is quite evident. Wherever there is mischief, one may be sure to find Riza Pacha at the bottom of it; and this personage has, it seems, been with the Sultan last week, and has even received the promise of being summoned to the council as the representative of the war party, the only minister who would satisfy Turkish fanaticism. In case of war, indeed, it is not Redschid Pacha or the present Grand Vizier who would be selected to carry it on. Nor can we hold war to be other than probable, even now. The Russian people have marched on to the Turkish verge of the principalities, as if their object were provocation; and this object will undoubtedly be fulfilled unless the Czar can be brought to such terms, and to such instant guarantees to their fulfilment, as may inspire Turkey with a just confidence in peace.

One peculiarity of the present quarrel has been the anxiety of each government to find

support in popular opinion, and stand right with it. The despotic rulers of both Russia and France have forwarded no despatch, have drawn up no remonstrance, which they have not communicated to the public of their respective countries, as well as to the court for which it was intended. Russians have been indulged with a knowledge of all the reasons and motives for war felt by the Czar. The French have been made to participate in a knowledge of every act of the government, as well as of its reasons for so acting, with a fullness and a frankness unusual even to constitutional countries. The only cabinet which has appeared desirous to act apart from national opinion, and quite independently of it, is the cabinet of Great Britain.

No doubt there have been reasons for this, and reasons by no means implying any wish to shake off the control of Parliament or people. One of the difficulties in the way of bringing the present quarrel to a peaceful determination has consisted in the fact that it was chiefly caused by the personal feeling of the Emperor Nicholas, by a temper which has become with years more susceptible and irascible. To avoid every possibility of adding to the excitement of this redoubtable personage is perhaps prudent. The only question is whether such prudence may not be carried too far. Louis Napoleon, however bound to be also prudent and circumspect, has not shrunk from ordering his minister to speak out. He has not shrunk from inviting the public of France to form a judgment upon his reasons, his declarations, his acts. No doubt we have our motives for forbearance which the French Emperor has not. We have a greater interest in not making Nicholas less zealous in the defence of the *status quo* of Europe in the West as well as East. But in aiming at too many things, we may chance to miss all. Going half and half between Russia and France, trusting or conciliating neither, yet awakening prejudice and suspicion in both, we may possibly end by making both our enemies.

Much of this uncertain and vacillating attitude, so likely to be misconstrued, would have been avoided by letting Parliament earlier into a participation with the government policy, and making use of its unmistakable opinion as an expression of the national will, which it was not in the power of ministers either to elude or to gainsay. However desirable peace may be, it would be a much more solid and more respectable peace if Parliament were a party to the making of it, and if the country were made to feel that neither honor, nor interest, nor even an English love of frankness and truth, have been sacrificed to it.

We must end, as we began, by confessing that we entertain great fears of its being in

the power of either Russia or Turkey to draw completely back from their respective attitudes of hostility. It will not do for the Czar to act the part of the emperor who marched up the hill and then marched down again. He must have some profit to show, some advantage to allege; and we do not see what diplomacy has in this respect to give him.

From the Economist, 16 July.

## ENGLAND'S INTEREST IN THE EASTERN QUESTION.

### THE REASON WHY.

THE Russian army has crossed the Pruth and occupied the trans-Danubian Principalities. The English and French fleets, on their side, have cast anchor in the Dardanelles. The Sultan has rejected the last *ultimatum* of the Emperor, and the Emperor has issued a second manifesto to Europe and a stirring proclamation to his own subjects, neither of which indicate any retrograde intentions. We still hope that the last extremities may be escaped:—it is so much the general interest that peace should be preserved; it is so much the general belief that it will be preserved. But if war is to be averted, it must be averted by retractions on the part of Russia—not by concessions on the part of Turkey or her allies. Russia has assumed a false position, from which it will be difficult to recede without loss and mortification; England has taken up a righteous position, from which it will be impossible to recede without dishonor and defeat. It will not be supposed by any one that we can be advocates for war; we have too often denounced its folly, stigmatized its guilt, laid bare its flimsy pretexts, expounded the misery and ruin which it brings on all concerned in it; we have more than once had to depict its destruction to commerce, its interruption to prosperity, its blighting influence on all the higher interests of morality and civilization; but we have never concealed our opinion that cases may arise—few and rare as undoubtedly they are—when peace can only be preserved by sacrifices which make it both precarious and worthless; and that wicked, foolish, and ruinous as war too generally is, there may yet be iniquities far darker, follies still insaner, ruin incalculably deeper, sadder, and more irreparable. War—or at least the willingness to encounter it—may be a necessity, a safety, a wisdom, a virtue. We deliberately believe that a war with Russia to sustain Turkey in her present righteous quarrel would be such a case; and we will state in a few words why we think that England's interest and duty combine to urge her to maintain a resolute and unreceding attitude, at all hazards, and in full view of all the consequences.

And, *first* and foremost, the quarrel is a just one. The Porte has offered to continue and to guarantee to all her Christian subjects perfect toleration and all their ancient privileges. She has merely refused to constitute the Czar the official guardian of those privileges—a demand that she *could not* concede without forever forfeiting her claim to the character of an independent power. The language and proceedings of Russia have throughout been insolent and peremptory to a degree which is rare indeed in modern diplomacy, and which argues a profound contempt, not only for her immediate adversary, but for the usual courtesies and decencies which govern the intercourse of civilized nations. Were Turkey to yield to such demands, so presented and so enforced, she must sink into a condition of ignominious vassalage to a covetous and imperious master.

*Secondly.* England has a direct concern in this dispute. She has not thrust herself into the quarrel; she has been dragged into it, as Nicholas well knew that she must be. Not only is she bound by a strict alliance with the Ottoman Porte to assist it in all cases of unjust aggression, but the maintenance of Turkish independence—or at least the repression of Russian encroachments in the direction of Constantinople—is to her a matter of vital and immediate concern. This we have more than once pointed out. The safety of our Eastern Empire—the security of our Indian communications—depends on Constantinople and Egypt being in the hands of a neutral, friendly, and unambitious power. We have shown in another part of our paper how pertinaciously Russia has been pressing forward to the possession, or at least the control, of Roumelia, and how completely this would give her the command of the Levant. At present we can hold her effectively in check by shutting up her fleets in the Baltic or the Gulf of Finland: let her once be fairly seated on the shores of the Ægean, and we should have at once to double our naval force in the Mediterranean, and should be exposed to the risk of daily collisions; and, in case of war in India, to serious impediments to the transmission of orders and troops. Without dwelling further on this point, it must be obvious to every one, that if any object except the safety of our own shores can be worth a war, that object assuredly is the prevention of Russia from either destroying the independence or seizing on the territories of Turkey.

*Thirdly.* The war would be a safe one, and success, unless there be awful mismanagement, absolutely certain. Few persons, we believe, estimate aright the relative forces of the two parties in the present contest. In the first place, the Turkish regular army is numerous, in good condition, and in high



spirits. It amounts to about 120,000 men, well supplied with artillery and engineer officers. But the irregular troops, which would be especially formidable to an invading army, and which are rapidly brought together, would, in a popular war like the present, soon reach 400,000, of which a very large proportion would be cavalry. However inferior they might be to the Russians in a pitched battle (which their generals would of course avoid), they would be of inestimable service in harassing the enemy, cutting off his supplies, and wearing him out by perpetual attacks and surprises. Then, since the English and French fleets could effectually prevent the Czar from landing his troops on any part of the coast of the Black Sea, he could only advance on Constantinople by crossing first the Danube and secondly the Balkan. A few steamers plying up the river might destroy any bridge of boats as fast as it was constructed; and indeed the Turkish army alone would probably be able to prevent the enemy from crossing in any force;—while the Balkan (the eastern portion at least) is universally admitted to be impassable if defended with anything like ordinary skill and resolution. And when we call to mind for how many years the Circassians—a small tribe in a scanty territory—have set at defiance the whole force of the Russian Empire, and have destroyed army after army which has been sent against them, and are still as far as ever from being subjugated—we cannot but suppose that the Turks, fighting like the Circassians for their independence, and aided by the advice and experience—to say nothing of the maritime assistance and warlike stores—of France and England, will be able easily and permanently to beat off their assailants.

The Emperor, it is true, has issued a proclamation but too well calculated to rouse the fanaticism of his own nation, and delude them into the persuasion that they are engaged in a religious crusade, and are going forth to fight for the defence and propagation of the Orthodox Faith. But, on the other hand, the fanaticism of the Moslems is aroused also, and we believe it to be of a far more fierce, energetic, and devoted kind than that of the Muscovite Greeks. They have long been mortified and indignant at the concessions and the yielding temper of the Sultan's government; they are burning for an opportunity to show that neither their valor nor their zeal has evaporated since the old days of Islamism; when they were ordered to retire from the Montenegrin campaign, the indignation alike of officers and soldiers was both loud and deep:—"Of what use is it," they asked, "for our Sultan to maintain armies if they are never allowed fairly to fight out their quarrels?" They have no doubt of success; they are aware that the

present war—if ever begun—would be a war in defence of their faith and their independence; and so strong and universal is this feeling that we greatly doubt whether it would be safe for the Sultan now, even were he so disposed, to make any concessions to his antagonist, or even to show any very anxious desire to preserve the peace.

Nor, if the Czar should penetrate into the provinces south of the Danube, would he find himself among a friendly people. It is true that the great majority of them belong, like himself, to the Greek Church—though scarcely to the same section of it; it is true that a considerable proportion are allied to the Russians as a branch of the same great Slavonic race;—but they are well aware that they enjoy under the Ottoman dominion a degree of substantial freedom and toleration which they could scarcely hope to retain under the iron sceptre of the Emperor. Their municipal privileges are respected; their religion is not interfered with; their individual liberty is little curtailed;—in all respects their condition is immeasurably superior to that of the mass of the Russian peasantry. Then they have their own dreams of the future, their own hopes of greatness, their own plans of a powerful nationality;—and they know that subjugation by Russia would be forever fatal to all these bright and sanguine projects. They want nothing that Russia can bestow; and they have everything to fear from her supremacy.

*Fourthly.* To a peaceful and commercial nation war in any quarter of the world can scarcely fail to be a nuisance and a loss;—but it would be scarcely possible to conceive a war—in Europe at least—from which England would suffer as little inconvenience and derangement, as from one against Russia, on a Turkish question, and in alliance with France. We had occasion a few weeks ago to contrast the prohibitive Russian with the liberal Turkish tariff, and to show how rapid had been the increase of our trade with the latter, and how signal the falling off of our trade with the former country. Our exports to Turkey have increased in the last ten years from 1,500,000*l.* to 3,500,000*l.*; while those to Russia have diminished in the same period from 1,600,000*l.* to 1,370,000*l.* Further—the war would be carried on at a distance from our own shores; and it would employ only our navy, which, when once manned, might almost as well be occupied as idle. Again, it would be a war entered into in alliance and cordial coöperation with France; it would cement our friendship with that power, which, after all, and in spite of temporary difficulties and occasional coolness, ought, in the interests of civilization, to be our truest and most permanent ally;—in the course of a struggle in which the two nations fought



sincerely and honestly side by side, mutual prejudices, jealousies, and mistrust would be worn away: we should do justice to her gallantry, and she would learn to recognize our integrity and disinterestedness; and we should have prepared the way for future coöperation in other and even holier causes. For, whatever may be our opinion of the actual form of government in France — however we may regret that it should be so little in accordance with what, according to our insular notions of freedom, befits an enlightened and emancipated country — still we can look at the nation through whatever disguises of constitution or administration she may temporarily assume; and it is impossible not to perceive that on the sincere and enduring union of England and France hang all the best hopes for European liberty and progress. We should, therefore, be disposed to hail the impending rupture as almost a blessing if it should prove a *vinculum* between the two great nations of the West — which, united, are invincible and beneficent — and whose separation or hostility must ever be fraught with desolation and peril to the dearest interests of humanity. Finally, a war between the colossal despot of the East (aided, possibly, by his semi-vassal of the House of Hapsburg) and the two advanced and enlightened peoples of the West, armed in defence of an injured and faithful ally, cannot but be of hopeful omen to the trampled liberties and the crushed civilization of Italy, Hungary, and Germany. If Austria takes part with Russia, she is doomed: the flames of insurrection would burst out simultaneously in every quarter of her ill-organized and oppressed dominions; Italy is always on the eve of a revolt; thousands of Magyars and Poles are awaiting on the frontiers of Turkey the first signal-gun of a war out of which they are prepared to carve their own way to retribution and to freedom; and, a contest once begun between the despotic spirit of the East and the progressive spirit of the West, the issue could be neither doubtful, insignificant, nor noxious — however greatly to be deprecated were the scenes which must be encountered before that final issue be achieved.

In conclusion. The honor and reputation of England is pledged, that on her part at least there shall be no step backward. She owes this to Turkey, which has acted by her advice — to France, which relies upon her steadiness and fidelity — to herself, for she has much at stake upon the issue of the crisis. She is now fairly face to face with a powerful antagonist, in a quarrel not of her own seeking. She has sent her fleet to the Dardanelles on a special mission, and she cannot recall it till that mission is accomplished. If she now recedes before Russia,

her prestige both in Europe and Asia will be shaken to its foundation. Whatever it may cost, she must now make good her ground. It is well known that the Emperor of Russia has been emboldened to his aggressive course of action by three deliberate calculations: — that England could not act cordially with France under her present government in any cause whatever; that she would not be able effectively to man her navy; and that the Peace-at-any-price and the Economy-at-any-cost School were powerful enough to prevent her engaging in a war for any European purpose. How far the language of our Press and of the party alluded to in Parliament may have justified him in these calculations, we will not here discuss. But it is the more important that we should show him now, by our words, by our attitude, by our resolute behavior, by our ready acceptance of all risks, that he has mistaken our position, misconceived our temper, under-estimated our strength, and presumed far too much on our forbearance; and that no voice will be raised to oppose, and no subsidies refused to support, our government in the management of a struggle at once righteous in its origin, important in its objects, indubitable in its issue, and necessary to the vindication of our honor and the security of our position.

From the Economist, 16th July.

## RUSSIA'S PAST AND TURKEY'S FUTURE.

### THE THREE SOLUTIONS.

WHATEVER may be the immediate issue of the present crisis in the East — whether the contending parties come at once to blows, or whether, after maintaining a hostile attitude for a respectable length of time, after exchanging reciprocal growls and some trifling mutual concessions, they retire into their respective boundaries — it is evident to all that the real object in dispute will only be postponed, not settled: — the snake will be scotched only, not killed. As long as matters remain on their present footing — as long as there is the same ambition on the one side, and the same weakness on the other — the danger which will have been averted for the moment will revive on every critical occasion. In order, therefore, satisfactorily to solve the present, we must look a little into the future; in order effectively to deal with the actual symptoms, we must ascertain precisely the root and the nature of the menacing disorder. It does not consist either with the dignity, the safety, or the peace, of a great nation like England to be satisfied with a *hand-to-mouth* policy — a diplomacy of expedients, delays, temporary palliatives, and delusive anodynes. We must look the danger and the necessity fairly in the face; see clearly the purpose

which we have in view; examine deeply the best means of attaining that purpose; and then pursue that purpose and adopt those means resolutely, pertinaciously, in spite of all distractions, in defiance of every obstacle, in contempt of any cost. We have to deal with a rival and antagonist whose main strength consists in her consistent aims and her dogged perseverance—in never varying her object, never losing sight of it, never overlooking or neglecting a favorable opportunity for making a step towards it;—and we shall contend with her at a grievous disadvantage if our policy is vacillating, slumberous, or fitful—if we awake to our danger only at the moment of attack, and retire to repose and security as soon as we have beaten off the foe.

There is something really grand and imposing in the steady march of Russian dominion since Peter the Great first consolidated his empire into a substantive state. On his accession in 1689, its western boundary was in longitude 30 deg., and its southern in latitude 42 degrees; these have now been pushed to longitude 18 deg. and latitude 39 deg. respectively. Russia had then no access to any European sea; her only ports were Archangel in the Frozen Ocean, and Astrakhan on the Caspian; she has now access both to the Baltic and the Euxine.

Her population (mainly arising from increase of territory) has augmented thus:—

At the Accession of

Peter the Great	in 1689	it was	15,000,000
Catharine II.	“ 1762	“	25,000,000
Paul	“ 1796	“	38,000,000
Nicholas	“ 1825	“	58,000,000

By the treaty of Neustadt in 1721, and by a subsequent treaty in 1809, she acquired *more than half the Kingdom of Sweden* and the command of the Gulf of Finland, from which before she was excluded. By the three partitions of Poland in 1772, 1793, and 1795, and by the arrangements of 1815, she acquired territory *nearly equal in extent to the whole Austrian Empire*.

By various wars and treaties with Turkey, in 1774, 1783, and 1812, she robbed her of territories *equal in extent to all that remains of her European dominions*, and acquired the command of the Black Sea.

Between 1800 and 1814, she acquired from Persia districts at least *as large as the whole of England*, and from Tartary a territory which ranges over *30 degrees of longitude*.

During this period of 150 years she has advanced her frontier 500 miles towards Constantinople, 630 miles towards Stockholm, 700 miles towards Berlin and Vienna, and 1,000 miles towards Teheran, Cabool, and Calcutta.

One only acquisition she has not yet made, though steadily pushing towards it, earnestly

desiring it, and feeling it to be essential to the completion of her vast designs and the satisfaction of her natural and consistent ambition—the possession, namely, of Constantinople and Roumelia—which would give her the most admirable harbors and the command of the Levant, and would enable her to overlap, surround, menace, and embarrass all the rest of Europe. Did she possess this, the geography of all the other great states—England, France, Spain, Sweden, Austria, and Prussia—might be thus simply defined: “bounded by the sea on one side and by Russia on the other.”

We have said that the desire on her part to possess Turkey in Europe, and its magnificent capital and unrivalled harbors, is a most natural one. Any one may see why it is so. For so vast an empire to possess only one seaport, and that in a situation where she is blockaded by ice half the year and can be locked in by England the other half, is no doubt mortifying and irritating enough. It is certain that she will make every effort to escape from it. She will always be itching for Constantinople—always striving for it—always creeping towards it. Her desire for it will be a perpetual source of danger to the peace of Europe and the equilibrium of power, unless it can be placed utterly and hopelessly beyond her reach—unless some arrangement can be entered into and made permanent and to a great extent self-sustaining, by which it may cease to become an object of rational desire, because ceasing to be one of possible attainment. If Russia was once convinced that she never could, and never would, be allowed to gain possession of European Turkey, at any time and under any circumstances, she would probably cease to struggle for it. It is the supposed ease of the acquisition—the conviction that sooner or later it will be hers—the belief that Turkey unaided is too weak to defend herself, and that France and England will not always unite in defending her, or may some day or other be in a position in which they cannot defend her effectually—that causes the acquisition of Constantinople to occupy the fixed and paramount place which it unquestionably does occupy in the Russian policy. What we have to consider, then, is how the Ottoman Porte can be permanently preserved and enabled to maintain itself; or rather how European Turkey can be most effectually, obviously, and indisputably, and forever, placed wholly out of the reach of Russia.

There are three several ways of attempting this; and it behoves all the states which are interested in this question, and Great Britain most especially, to adopt one of them decisively and without delay, and to pursue it, when adopted, unwaveringly and perseveringly. In the first place, we may resolve to

maintain the Ottoman power in Europe, as it now stands. This is not so hopeless a scheme as is generally imagined by those who, knowing nothing specially or personally of the matter, have been accustomed to hear Turkey spoken of as the symbol of decrepitude—as, in the language of Burke, “a barbarous anarchic despotism, where the finest countries in the most genial climates in the world are wasted by peace more than any others have been worried by war; where arts are unknown, where manufactures languish, where science is extinguished, where agriculture decays, where the human race itself melts away and perishes under the eye of the observer.” This is far less true now than it was when Burke wrote it. There are elements of strength in Turkey, as there are elements of weakness in Russia, which have never been properly appreciated or taken advantage of. The Ottomans themselves are not degenerate;—they are pretty much what they were two centuries ago; indolent, like all Orientals, but capable of great exertions and great sacrifices when roused into action by adequate stimulants; proud of their race, devoted in their loyalty, fanatical in their religion, warlike in their tastes, high-minded and honorable (many of them at least) in their notions. Under a good government they would make fine materials; under a resolute and aggressive government they would make formidable warriors. The countries they rule over are splendid, and of vast resource, and many of them inhabited by a race of great activity and more perpetual energy than the Mussulmans, and needing nothing but a steady, just, vigorous administration to develop their gifts and consolidate their powers. Now, for many years back, great efforts have been made by the more enlightened of the Turkish statesmen to reform and improve their administrative system. English and French engineers have been summoned to Constantinople to direct public worship and instruct native artificers. European officers have been introduced into their army and navy, and have vastly improved both their artillery department and their vessels of war. The actual commanding Turkish Admiral is, we are informed by one who knows him personally, an English naval officer. It would not be difficult for the other principal states of Europe, if they decide finally on the maintenance of the Turkish government, to insist, as the condition of their guarantee, on the adoption of such steps under their superintendence as should, in the course of a few years, place Turkey in a position to maintain and to defend herself. We might stipulate for the establishment of an adequate permanent army to be kept in a state of real efficiency, which should be ascertained by our inspection; we might

stipulate for the maintenance of fortified posts and sufficient garrisons along the passes of the Balkan, for the erection of such really powerful batteries at the entrance of the Bosphorus as no Russian fleet would dare to encounter; we might stipulate, finally, for such improvements in administration and finance, under our advice and aid, as would ere long entirely change the whole aspect of affairs in that mismanaged country. Were this plan cordially adopted and systematically carried out, under the encouragement and surveillance of England and France; were the Ottoman Porte clearly made to comprehend that the *condition* of our alliance and protection was the immediate commencement and steady carrying out of such ameliorations in the civil and military system as were calculated to render her in time independent of any external aid—we entertain little doubt that before many years had elapsed Turkey would again have become a real and substantive power instead of a helpless phantom, able to do nothing for herself, but dependent entirely on her allies; not indeed that she would be able, single-handed and alone, to stand against the colossal power of Russia—(that, probably, is what no state save England, France, and America could do)—but that, with a compact friendship with Persia, and such moderate aid in case of necessity as England and France might willingly and without inconvenience afford to a faithful ally, she would be able to present such a manly and formidable front, that Russia could no more hope to absorb her than to annihilate Prussia or to swallow Austria. This course of proceeding would be a practicable, an intelligible, and, we believe, a successful line of policy, if at once initiated, and consistently, resolutely, and conscientiously pursued.

Or, *secondly*—looking at the elements of which Turkey in Europe is composed, observing that its population contains probably not more than 3,000,000 Mussulmen to 11,000,000 Christians, and that of the former not more than 700,000 are pure Osmanlis; seeing, too, how completely divided into natural provinces the empire is—Bosnia, Servia, Albania, Bulgaria, Roumelia, Moldavia, and Wallachia, being even more distinct and separate than Castile and Arragon, or England and Wales used to be; and knowing also what a loose hand the Porte has long kept over many of these dependencies, and how largely the municipal element of self-government is developed in nearly all of them—we cannot but feel that another and perhaps even more hopeful solution of the problem is suggested to us. Moldavia and Wallachia are already governed by Hospodars, under joint Russian and Turkish protection, and are merely tributary to the Porte; Servia has a prince

of her own, is nearly independent, and content and peaceable in being so:—why not adopt a similar system with the rest; erect a federal state, composed of five or seven independent principalities—five, if the Danube be taken as their northern boundary—seven, if we make the Pruth the boundary, and include the Hospodarships—leave them free to develop each their own resources, and to follow their own peculiar phase of civilization—Greek, Slavonic, or mixed, as it might be; but unite them in a bond which would render them a powerful and probably impassable barrier against Muscovite encroachments, with liberties worth maintaining and strength adequate to maintain them. This is no idle dream—no paper project suggested by a glance at the map. Those who know those provinces know how much energy lies hid among their people—how much advance many of them have of late made—what a resolute and warlike spirit of independence prevails among some of the Slavonian tribes—what restless activity and ingenious talent and commercial cupidity characterizes the Greek population. They know also how little disposition the inhabitants of these districts have to be absorbed by Russia, and amalgamated and lost in her vast dominions—how much they prefer the rule of the Sultan to the “protection” of the Czar—and how stubbornly they would fight for their freedom if it were once conferred upon them. Already ideas of some such future are spreading and prevalent among them; already the country is overspread with a net-work of *Hetaïras* or secret societies, to an extent that few are aware of; already do they feel strong sympathies, even if they have not close connection, with the struggles of the Italian and Hungarian patriots; already is the old jealousy and separation between the Greek and the Slavonian element fast melting away, and opening the way towards a fusion of the two into one harmonious nationality. Indeed, the knowledge of this fact is supposed to be one of the reasons which make Nicholas so anxious to press on his designs at the present moment; he is aware that every year weakens his hold over the Christian population of the Turkish provinces; and he is therefore naturally and proportionately anxious to be formally constituted their official “Protector” without delay. Here, again, in preparing the way for a federation of independent provinces which, united, will form a powerful state, we have another feasible and beneficent solution of the Eastern question, which needs only to be adopted, avowed, kept in view, and *worked at*, in order to be crowned with ultimate and certain success.

Thirdly, and lastly, we have the option of establishing—not suddenly nor at this

moment, but of preparing for—a Greek kingdom;—not the miserable principality, with its miserable prince, which we now call such, but one on a great scale, which shall embrace the whole of Turkey in Europe, the main part of whose population are already bound together, partly by a common origin, partly by a common religion. It is true that our petty experiment has not succeeded. The Kingdom of Greece, which we established in 1832, has turned out a wretched, disastrous, and disgraceful failure. But what it would have been under different auspices; what it would have been if, instead of an imbecile Bavarian boy, we had placed at its head a statesman of princely birth and powerful connections; what it would have been if the intrigues of Capodistrias had not prevented Leopold from accepting the proffered crown—we cannot possibly pronounce. Thus much at least we know—that in that country are materials which, in proper hands, could certainly be elaborated into something good and great; a territory abounding in admirable harbors and unrivalled facilities for commerce, and inhabited by a people of native and ineradicable commercial propensities, as marked as those of Holland or our own; a population dreadfully demoralized, no doubt, but wonderfully active, shrewd, and persevering—needing only a strong hand and an iron will to curb their lawless habits and control and guide their restless and wayward energies into a regular and profitable channel. With the Greeks everything will depend upon the *government*; the materials are fine, rich, and teeming, though untutored and untamed;—with a Leopold, the success of the Kingdom of Greece would have been probable—with a Napoleon, a Cromwell, or a Clive, it would have been certain, signal, and magnificent. Erect a Grecian Monarchy with the Danube, the Adriatic, the *Ægean*, and the Bosphorus as its boundaries, give it Constantinople for its capital, place at its head *the right man*, protect his existence under the guarantee of the Western Powers for ten years—and our statesmen need give themselves no further anxiety about what now so troubles and perplexes them:—“the Eastern Question” would be solved forever.

Now, any one of these three lines of policy, we believe, will afford us a way out of our difficulties—an escape from them not merely for the moment, but forever. But, if we are not to be baffled, defeated and disgraced sooner or later—one of the three we must adopt at once, finally, and irrevocably—and work for it as occasion serves, and as the time and the circumstance suggest. The first is the easiest, the most temporizing, the least daring, and that which involves the least change—and is, therefore, the most likely to be adopted. But, looking to an



extended future, we may doubt whether that arrangement would permanently be the most self-sustaining. The country in dispute is mainly inhabited by Greeks. The great city, so much coveted, was the former seat of a Greek Empire. There is no vitality so indestructible as that of race. There is no principle so tenacious as that of NATIONALITY. You may, by a wise system resolutely pursued, sustain Turkey permanently against Russia, *but you would have to sustain her, or at least aid her to sustain herself.* A Greek Empire once established, and endowed with Constantinople as its dowry and its diadem, would yield it only with its last breath of life; — and might become in time one of the “Great Powers” of Europe — the effective and natural and much needed balance to Russian encroachments towards the west and Russian influence in the Levant. Whatever we decide upon, however, let us adhere to and follow resolutely out: — let us not be content with merely *riding over* the present menacing crisis, leaving it to recur upon us in a more formidable shape and at a more inconvenient time.

From the Spectator.

BAYLE ST. JOHN'S TURKS IN EUROPE.\*

THE project which this volume aims at inculcating would hardly deserve notice at any other time; for, although the idea of a Christian empire established on the ruins of Turkey is entertained by more persons than Mr. Bayle St. John, it is at present impracticable, however desirable. If Russia is bent upon forcing war or dishonor on Turkey and the two great powers of Western Europe, for an ulterior advantage of uncertain result, it is not likely that, until she were prostrated by successive defeats, she would consent to the overthrow of her long-cherished hopes by the establishment of a modern Byzantine or Greek empire, avowedly to baffle Russian policy and act as a permanent barrier against her power. Neither might the Turks altogether relish being compendiously trundled out of Europe; and possibly the new Crusaders might have to encounter Russia and Turkey in alliance. As Mr. St. John admits “that if the Turks be now put to the test, they may make a much more gallant stand than their inconsiderate enemies will give them credit for,” the victory might not be with the Byzantine theorists. Even if the thing were more ready of attainment, it is doubtful whether the men exist for the establishment of what Mr. St. John stipulates for, a *constitutional government*, to embrace all the countries south of

the Danube — or indeed any real government at all. The Greeks, too, whom our projector selects as the dominant people, have not given such an example of aptitude for civilization, progress, and national virtue, in their own kingdom, as to tempt other countries to embark in a crusade to set up for them a more extended empire. It is doubtless inconvenient for Europe to be “periodically kept in hot water, its commerce interrupted, the discussion of its domestic affairs suspended,” and so forth, in favor of the maintenance of “that abstraction ‘the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.’” It is by no means clear, however, that this evil would be altogether removed, though the form might be changed, by the enthronement of the Greeks at Constantinople. All has not been fair and aboveboard at the court of Athens, either as regards honesty or friendly feeling. The scheme is worth bearing in mind as a future contingency; but the ignorance, servility, bigotry, and corruption of the Oriental Christians render them a very rotten reed to rely upon.

The project itself forms only the introductory portion of Mr. St. John's book; the greater part consisting of an exposition of the public and private character of the modern Turks. As this is avowedly done to show their unfitness for empire. Mr. St. John fairly admits that his object compels him to select the worst features, or in other words the vices, of the Mahometans. This fact nearly sums up the criticism on the book, so far as it is an exposition of manners, morals, and habits. There is little, perhaps nothing, untrue in the account of the ill-training or no-training of the public officials (which in part, however, springs from Mr. St. John's beloved equality); the moral domestic corruption induced by polygamy and Mahomet's encouragement to licentiousness; the ignorance and bigotry of the mass of Turks who are not sceptics; the childishness, intrigue, and now even drunkenness, of the harem; or the total failure of the new reform to ameliorate the condition of the Christian population, or even the Mahometans of the remote provinces. In some of these statements, indeed, Mr. St. John is supported by passing travelers, who write without a purpose if not without a bias. At the same time, those virtues which observers quite equal to Mr. St. John have ascribed to the Turks are suppressed; while much of what is said to show the necessity of destroying the national existence of the Turks might be applied to other nations — the foreign provinces of Russia and Austria, for example.

The long residence of Mr. St. John in Egypt and the Levant as a member of native families, has given him a knowledge of Oriental domestic doings which few Europeans and no mere

\* The Turks in Europe: a Sketch of Manners and Politics in the Ottoman Empire. By Bayle St. John, Author of “Village Life in Egypt,” &c., &c.



travellers could attain. This intimate familiarity with Eastern manners is shown throughout the volume; and the author naturally directs a good deal of his attention to the relations of the sexes. Notwithstanding our notion of Eastern life, there are, according to this author, many Turkish bachelors and some henpecked husbands.

We commonly conceive a Turk as a burly individual, surrounded by a great number of submissive beauties, anxious for the honor of the handkerchief; but it is not remembered that there is a prodigious number of bachelors in the East. In spite of the disgrace in which celibacy is held, a large proportion of the men of the middle classes abstain from marriage, on account of the difficulties thrown in their way by manners and the competition of the rich. I have known instances among the Levantines in which a young shopkeeper has been compelled to spend half his capital to procure a dirty little wife. The same system of purchase prevails among the Turks, and is indeed derived from them. The number of unmarried persons in the Ottoman empire is therefore very great. This may partly account for the development of vices which alone are sufficient to bring a race to the lowest depths of degradation, and to which I can do no more than allude here.

The Turks are naturally a licentious race. Even the conformation of their heads reveals that fact. The posterior portion is enormously developed; and the napes of their necks are something almost miraculous to behold—they resemble those of bulls. They are often uxorious, and, in case no suspicion of jealousy crosses their minds, treat their wives with considerable deference. Few will venture to appear in the presence of their ladies in the slightest degree intoxicated; and they will submit to be beaten on the day of Beiram, if from poverty, or other causes, they have been unable to bring home the roast shoulder of mutton required by inexorable custom for the family dinner of that day. Eastern ladies often resort to the summary mode of proceeding with their lords and masters, even when not protected by the privilege of a festival. It is true, that, on the other hand, they are exposed to similar treatment if they carry the joke too far, or misbehave in any way; and that the sack—of which it is now the custom to make fun among wags who have looked at the outside of Eastern manners—is always ready to punish serious derelictions of duty.

The picture of the Circassian and Georgian beauties should be taken probably with the same qualifications that must be extended to other parts of the book. The argument of the author, however, may be admitted as true—the incompetency of the Turkish mothers to train up cultivated men; although, social accomplishments being put aside, the same might be predicated of a large portion of Europe, and of the whole of Europe a century or two ago. The earlier letters of Walpole do not describe English women as

very delicate either in language or manners, though their early life was not so sordid as that of the Georgian beauties.

Another source from which vacant harims are filled is the market of Georgian slaves; but it is by no means popular. These unhappy creatures, who are embarked at Trebisond on board of the regular steamers, reach Constantinople in a very sad and pitiable state. We can imagine an European reader almost envying the captain under whose care is placed so poetical a cargo; but, alas! the truth is, that the Georgians are looked upon almost as suspiciously as a hundred cases of leeches for the Marseilles market. It is true they are separated as much as possible from the rest of the passengers, penned in like a flock of sheep, and hidden by dirty cloths; or, in bad weather, crammed below like negroes in the middle passage. In spite of these precautions, the whole vessel suffers from their presence. Nearly every one of them has the itch; and, without exception, every one brings away a colony of native vermin. This is easily accounted for. The poor things resemble not a bery of English maidens going out voluntarily to seek for husbands in the barracks of Madras or Calcutta. They are sold from poverty or avarice by their parents or friends, and are handed over nearly naked to the purchaser. To dress them would eat up all the profits. A ragged shift and a piece of canvas wrapped round their shoulders—such is the costume in which they crowd by day and huddle together at night, whispering or dreaming of the splendor which has been promised them, to dispel their sorrow or their sulkiness—and perhaps giving a passing thought to the home which has cast them forth, like the pet lamb when it has outgrown the fondness or the patience of its mistress. The merchant, with the uncalculating stupidity which characterizes all dealers in human flesh, fattens these future sultanas during the voyage on water and millet-flour porridge. They arrive at their journey's end in such a state that few connoisseurs in incipient beauty would venture to pronounce an opinion.

Sometimes, when the owner is in haste to realize, he drives his Georgian flock to market in the unseemly condition in which they come ashore; or at most throws around them a ferigeh—the mantle of the Turkish women. Chance for the most part presides over the sale. The purchaser keeps at a respectful distance from his acquisition, as a doctor might from a plague patient; and drives her before him to what may be called a preparatory school for the harim. A number of old women, indeed, gain their living by polishing up this rough material; curing them, by remedies of which they have the secret, of their disease, combing their hair into shape, scrubbing them, and exterminating the reminiscences they have brought with them from their native hovels. Whilst performing these duties, they take occasion to instruct them a little likewise in Turkish etiquette, and in the means they must adopt to win the affections of their masters. The last rags of modesty are thus torn away, and the slave is ready to become the mother of a grand vizier. We must add, that frequently the girls

are not brought to market until this preliminary process has been gone through; and the impatience natural to human nature of course in such cases gives a price that more than covers the expense of breaking in.

From the two classes of women I have thus described most of the consorts of persons high in rank are taken. Such are the mothers of the ministers of the Sublime Porte, ay, and of all the sultans that have ever reigned on the shores of the Bosphorus.

There is a touch of humor in this story worthy of a comic writer:—

There is a race of wild boars in Egypt, of the flesh of which, though it be insipid, the Europeans, from the perversity to which I have alluded, are fond. I once saw a cage containing four little ones sent down as a present to an English lady. It was carried through the streets by two great shame-faced porters, whom a crowd of urchins and idlers followed and hooted. They were so annoyed that they dropped their burden, and began cursing Christianity, whilst the sucking boars took to flight, pursued by a shower of stones and slippers. I remember, however, that on one occasion a fine Gratz ham was boiled for our use on board the boat. There were rumors among the crew while the caldron was over the fire. They seemed to consider themselves almost as accomplices of a sacrilege. But when the steaming ham was fished out by a hook at the end of a pole, and deposited with respectful contempt upon the dish, the men collected round at a certain distance with expanded nostrils, sniffing in the unholy odor; and one of them, in a moment of gastronomic conviction, exclaimed, "Wallah, how nice it smells! What a pity it is a sin!"

From the Examiner.

*The Turks in Europe, a Sketch of Manners and Politics in the Ottoman Empire.* By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Chapman and Hall.

*The Predicted Downfall of the Turkish Power the Preparation for the Return of the Ten Tribes.* By G. S. FABER, B. D. Bosworth.

ACCORDING to a prophecy current among the Turks themselves, as Mr. St. John reminds us, the dominion of their race in Europe was to be extinguished after a duration of four centuries; and, in strict accordance with this prophecy, they are now expiring. Mr. Faber gets the same disheartening result to the Turks out of the Book of Revelation, wherefrom he informs us that we are "concurrently approaching to the Fated time of the End, or the Close of the Latter Three Times and a Half." As Mr. Faber tells us:—

We have recently heard a warning stroke upon the prophetic bell; we may expect, therefore, from the disposition of the Apocalyptic series, shortly to hear another.

I say *shortly*; because, on the principle of

synchronization which (as Mede well shows) is the very life-blood of Apocalyptic interpretation, the Seventh Vial brings us to the close of the 1260 years.

Now, as I have already stated, there is much reason to believe that that famous period will expire in the year 1864.

Hence, if the Seventh Vial begins to flow in the year 1864, we may now, in the year 1853, be morally sure, that the Effusion of the Sixth Vial must needs occur *shortly*.

It is plain to Mr. Faber — indeed, he "concludes correspondingly and homogeneously," which we hold to be a concluding with especial emphasis — that the pouring out of the Sixth Vial means the complete Downfall of Turkey, symbolized by the drying up of the Euphrates. "Homogeneity requires" that we interpret the Destruction of the Delta of the Nile into the synchronous downfall of the power now dominant in Egypt. The three unclean spirits like frogs are already in the world. They are Infidelity, Military Despotism, and "Jesuitism of the most arrogant and tyrannical Ultramontane school." The demolition of the two powers must be got through before the year 1864, because the Sixth Vial must be poured out before the Seventh, and Mr. Faber has appointed that date for the pouring of the Seventh. There may be, however, he says, a slight doubt about the date, because he has got it in the abstract, and not in the concrete.

At the close of the Three Times and a Half the French Empire is to go to pieces also, so that Louis Napoleon may order his coffin. But we are concerned now with the Downfall of Turkey, which, as Mr. Faber teaches us, precedes the pouring of the Seventh Vial, and ushers in a short period of dreadful European war, centring at last very much about Jerusalem, to which place the Ten Tribes will then return over the ruins of Turkey, in the shape of Nestorian Jews, Chinese Jews, Afghans, and others. All this "affects the final downfall of the baneful Apostatic Perversion of Christianity," which is described as making "one vigorous effort to recover its usurped authority, ere, like a mill-stone, it sinks irremediably into the abyss of utter perdition." Here we have Turkey, Egypt, France, and the Papacy, all on the brink of an abyss. Down they are all to go — some before, and the rest soon after, what Mr. Faber in his fine way calls "the next stroke of the prophetic bell," which will be the "Fated Time of the End." And yet we are writing profane leading articles in all our newspapers upon the hint of saving Turkey from a fate thus inevitable, and divinely foretold.

Mr. Faber will content himself, however, with the reflection that he has said what he has to say, with a becoming dignity. He is so imbued with Apocalyptic wisdom that he

writes trumpets, talks sonorously of "the mountain of the ark's appulse," and is on the whole so pompous that we have enjoyed greatly his little book of seventy pages in the abstract, if not in the concrete. Should any homogeneity of disposition have been synchronously manifested in Downing street, ministers will see "the futility of all the complications of political diplomacy," and make it their sole business to attend to the prophetic bell that will be rung for them by Mr. Faber, Dr. Cumming, and some other sages. The bell is about to ring for Turkey to go down.

In the opinion of Mr. Bayle St. John, indeed, the said Turkey is likewise so rotten that it is not fit to remain in the neighborhood of Christian noses. Mr. St. John's book, like Mr. Faber's, is a pamphlet volume. It deals also in extreme opinions; but in other respects the two little volumes are so unlike that we apologize to Mr. Faber for having at the head of this notice linked his book, hollow and weighty, with Mr. St. John's book, solid and light. The little tractate on the *Turks in Europe* is particularly full of matter. Mr. St. John has a very honest and a very hearty disavowal for Turks, either in the abstract or the concrete; and writing with this manifest bias, and with the design of showing to his countrymen how Turkey is so rotten that it must go down, he says what serves his case, and (we may add) finds plenty to say. He has seen much of the Turks, and sketches vigorously with a few bold strokes their manners and capacities as an European nation. Though the tone of depreciation is extreme, any exaggeration in the book lies rather in the fact that its statements are *ex parte* only, than in positive misrepresentation. It is the very clever speech of a counsel rather than the summing up of a judge. It is full of animation, anecdote, and point, conveying in a graphic and effective way much information. In the main it impresses hard truths on the mind. Its errors are of opinion only, and it is of course nowhere wilfully misleading.

The hobby ridden in this volume by Mr. Bayle St. John, mounted upon which he runs down all the Turks, does not carry him away from a true feeling of the present question between Turkey and the Czar. He would not have the nations who form together a great international police to stand idly by, and allow the Czar to commit a burglary upon the Sultan. His object is to show that the Sultan is so utterly unable to keep house, that he ought to be ejected by the police themselves. The Turks ought to be dispossessed, and the Greeks put in possession. He believes that the solution of "the Turkish Question," talked about so often, will never be definitely effected until the Hellenic race shall have been made dominant in a new Byzantine empire.

That is the hobby; and the idea now, we are told, is breaking out in fifty places, like an obscure rash on the European body. The statement of it occupies, however, but a small space of Mr. St. John's little book, which is composed mainly of that attempt to demonstrate the hopeless rottenness of everything Turkish as an element of European power, upon which the argument for change is rested. How cleverly the book is written, and how well it is calculated both to amuse and instruct its readers, we will endeavor to show by two or three extracts.

#### THE TURK AND THE TAILOR.

Formerly, when the Turks wore what we are accustomed to call the Asiatic costume, but which was in reality derived from the Greeks; when they were draped in cloaks that enveloped the entire body, and indulged in head-dresses infinitely varied, and nicely adapted to the different ranks of society; when they bound also their robes of Indian stuffs with Kashmireshawls, and carefully trimmed, and dyed, and perfumed their flowing beards, it was possible to associate them with ideas of luxury and grandeur. The lover of the picturesque, however, who had enjoyed the privilege of seeing a Turk perform his toilet, was obliged to forget a good many comic circumstances. To say nothing of the grave absurdities of the bath and the barber's shop, it was perhaps sufficient to have witnessed a burly Osmanli putting on his own shawl, to be unable ever afterwards to look upon him without a smile. I remember once seeing a circumcised Falstaff fasten his Kashmire, six or seven yards long, to a door-handle, and, having gone with the other extremity to the opposite side of his court-yard, begin to wind his huge paunch into it with as much gravity and decorum as if he were performing a pious mystery. He had a peculiar theory as to the position of every fold, and if he failed in arranging them exactly, would unwind himself again with a rapid rotatory motion, his hands raised in the air. The operation, with all its vicissitudes, generally lasted about half an hour; and I have rarely seen a magnificent Effendi, without thinking of how he must have looked whilst putting on his shawl.

However, it must be admitted that when a Turk of the old school has succeeded in rigging himself out, and walks with grave and measured step along street or bazaar, he does certainly seem to have a claim to be called one of the lords of the creation. But this illusion, as most of my readers must be aware, has almost entirely vanished since the reform. Sultan Mahmoud, in his desire to imitate Peter the Great, completely metamorphosed the appearance of all persons employed under government—that is to say, of nearly every one who was formerly possessed of wealth sufficient to wear the old costume with proper amplitude. His example has been followed by his successor; and every functionary, high or low, has been compelled to assume a kind of Frankish costume, topped by the fez, or red cap, which formerly formed the skeleton, as it were, of the turban.

I am disposed to think that this change has gone a great way towards destroying the nationality of the Turks, and revealing their nakedness to the world. It was thought that with the European dress these barbarians would assume the activity and energy of the Giaours—perhaps, also, their instruction and their civilization. The maxim, that the coat makes the man, was pushed to its utmost extreme; the result, however, did not answer the expectation. Contrary effects, indeed, were produced. The Turks, whilst abandoning, much against the grain, their national costume, abandoned also, with far more willingness, their character and special physiognomy, without assimilating to the Europeans, except in the use and abuse of ardent spirits, and, in many cases, of pork. The ancient costume, whilst it covered their body, covered also their ignorance and their barbarism; the Frank dress has revealed “the thing itself”—the forked, two-footed animal, and has rendered it ridiculous to the last degree.

I do not, for the present, pretend that the European dress is in itself comic or absurd; but simply that the way in which the Turks have adopted it has changed them from the most solemn-looking beings on the face of the earth to a sort of harlequins infinitely amusing to behold. In the first place, they do not yet know how to wear a frock-coat, and are often to be seen with one arm only in the sleeve, whilst at other times they button the garment at the throat, and allow it to hang round them like a cloak. Moreover, even now that the ancient customs have nearly passed away, they have not yet used up their old material. They wear new suits, made out of their old garments, of green, red, or yellow—coats, waistcoats and trousers, variegated as Joseph's raiment. Their legs, formerly accustomed to have free play in their huge hose, which served likewise to conceal their defects, are now exhibited in all the deformity distinctive of an equestrian nation. They have not yet given up the habit of sitting cross-legged, and at their ease, so that their backs are almost always rounded, and they walk in a slouching, shambling manner, totally inappropriate to their tight dresses. Whoever wants to have a proper idea of a regenerate Turk, must go into one of the dirty streets of Constantinople, where he is sure to see a biped shuffling along in a pair of huge babushes—down at heel, of course—with straps passing under the ragged stockings; with a frock-coat of yellow, red, or green, thrown carelessly over his shoulder, perhaps with only one sleeve on; walking with head hung down, and every sign of shame and humiliation in his appearance. Few of the Turks have really become reconciled to their new costume; they feel like wingless birds, or the fox without a tail. Many of them, on returning to the privacy of their harems, hasten to throw aside their infidel frock-coats, and to dress themselves as their fathers dressed before them, and, after the fatigues of the day, to undergo the wearisome operation of binding round their abdomens with a sextuple shawl! They believe that it is only when thus dressed out they can venture to maintain the dignity of

manhood in their families. I have no doubt, in fact, that the number of hen-pecked husbands has vastly increased in Turkey since the new reform. It ought to be added, that the Muslim religion requiring many ablutions, and many prostrations every day, renders our tight costume more disagreeable than it otherwise would be to the Turks. The fez adopted is an ugly, flat-topped, stiff thing, most ill adapted for every purpose for which a head covering is wanted. Some modification of the hat would long ago have been introduced, were not that article of costume supposed to be distinctive of Christian countries, just as we are accustomed to regard the turban as the peculiar sign of Mahomedanism.

#### A GOOD-HUMORED BASHAW.

The possession of arbitrary power seems to degrade man to the level with the beast. Emperors and slave-drivers, who may have smiled the smile of angels on their mother's bosom, soon degenerate into ferocity, when the sceptre or the lash is put into their hands. Why should we wonder, then, that a bull-necked, low-browed Turk, invested with the koorbash and scimitar, and specially charged with the task of acting as a kind of chronic Verres to his province, should succeed in galling everlastingly the feelings of the people placed under him? I remember an instance of the extent to which a pasha, quite *débonnaire* in his dealings with most people, was led by a momentary impulse of avarice. There was, in one of the provincial capitals, a man, whose reputation for probity was established on long experience, and who was intrusted by merchants, ladies, and others, with jewels for sale, without receipt of any kind. This fact came to the ears of the governor—the amiable functionary I have alluded to—and as the jewel-dealer was passing beneath his window one day, he beckoned him in, and asked what he had with him. It happened that he had only a few coral necklaces and a large pearl. This was not worth while. He was told to come next day; and in the mean time he went from house to house amongst people whom he knew, gathering a good stock. Every one could prove the delivery of the jewels, and every one was sure of the honesty of the agent. He disappeared, however, and the report soon spread through the city that he had been murdered. Presently one, and then another person, and so on, came forward to say that he had been seen to enter the pasha's palace; and indeed his corpse was found on the banks of the river, a few yards below. Of the jewels, however, there was no news. Public opinion accused the pasha; and the European representatives took up the matter. Their interference was effectual in one respect—the murderer restored *some* of the jewels with a shrug; but there was no proper inquiry, and of course no punishment.

#### SULTANAS ABROAD.

Nearly all Turkish women sally out every Friday to take the air, away from the town, on the banks of the Bosphorus, or to some of the places where water and shade may be found. The wealthy go in carts, without springs, of un-



wildly and primitive construction—six or seven heaped together; and sometimes their husbands lead the oxen or horses to the chosen spot, and then go away, leaving the women perfectly free to enjoy themselves as they please. The most popular amusements are the singing and music of the gypsy women, who repair thither for the purpose—music which is amorously languid, and singing which is detestably indecent. A lunch is generally brought out, and when this is despatched, smoking and drinking commence; drinking not of sherbet, but of good brandy, or other strong liquors, which soon induce a boisterous gayety, so that the sultanas, whom we often imagine as pining away imprisoned, may be seen rolling in convulsions of inextinguishable laughter on the turf, or huddled up in a still more advanced stage of intoxication, like bundles of rags. Their Montenegrin servants, who are the privileged beholders of these scenes, are often compelled to haul them into their carts, in which they are jolted back to the harem. Those who are not too far gone frequently pull up in passing through the Christian quarter, at the doors of taverns, to get more drink; and a file of a hundred carts may often be seen stopping in one street, all full of women, some made bold and chattering by their excess, others hanging sleepily about and murmuring to be taken home. There is a walk planted with elm-trees, not far from the city, where only women are admitted. Two or three thousand assemble there at a time, and, sitting upon a verdant slope, enjoy the indescribable pantomime of a comedy, which some infamous Jews, hired for the purpose, perform on the limits of the forbidden ground for their amusement. Europeans, of course, cannot enter the walk itself, but they may see the crowds collected at a distance, and hear the shrill applause which every act more than usually beastly of the mountebanks creates in the female crowd. On these occasions it would scarcely be possible for a stranger to recognize Eastern life from the descriptions he is accustomed to read. The free conduct of the women has more than once attracted the attention of the government, which not very long ago published an edict, complaining that they remained out late at night, that they rode forth in coaches with young Christian drivers; that they ventured into shops, especially those of apothecaries; and even pushed their audacity so far as to eat ices in the Frankish coffee-houses of Galata and Pera. The edict accordingly recommended that early hours should be kept, and forbade women to enter shops of any kind, or be driven about by young coachmen. These interferences with manners which were supposed to be great advances in civilization, and which seem strangely accompanied by proclamations giving permission to women to appear on the public promenades, were of course ineffectual. The women continue their old customs, though some have been hanged or drowned for being found in the back shops of Christians. It will require something else besides repressive measures to bring about a reform in this respect. All laws in the East, moreover, have the temporary character of proclamations. They are applied for a day and for-

gotten. It is forbidden, for example, most expressly for shopmen to have any other than old men as servants; and they almost without exception have spruce, dashing young attendants.

Small as the book is, we could have quoted from it by the score such pleasant passages as these. It is, in fact, a most palatable little dish of gossip about Turkey, which cannot fail to gratify the public appetite for any information about a people who have become a topic of the day, inasmuch as they are concerned most deeply in the threatened war.

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*Infidelity: its Cause and Cure, including a Notice of the Author's Unbelief, and the means of his Rescue.* By the Rev. DAVID NELSON, M. D. London: Routledge.

THE writer of this work is an American, who was himself for some time wrapped up in unbelief, and, indeed, joined with his fellow medical students at Danville, in Kentucky, in scoffing at all religion. Afterwards he entered the army as a surgeon, in which capacity, he says, "I became acquainted with many officers of the regular army, whose intimacy was not calculated to lead me towards God or heaven. During this time, and after this, all worldly success only injured me. It increased my haughtiness, or added to my means of profuse pecuniary expenditure. Revelry darkened the cloud, that enveloped my soul, and of course I advanced rapidly in unbelief. In my race of infidelity I never reached entire Atheism. I was what was called a Deist. After a time I began to have moments of doubt whether or not God existed; and, moving still onward, it was not long before those short seasons of Atheism began to lengthen and to blacken—when I was mercifully arrested." The author then proceeds to show the struggles through which he had to pass before he again groped his way into the light of Christianity. Strange to say, it was by reading such authors as Voltaire, Volney, and Paine, with the view of strengthening himself in unbelief, that his eyes were opened to the ignorance and misrepresentations of these arch-opponents of Christianity. He read on, and the more he read the more conscious he became that it required only a more extensive acquaintance with the Bible, and a deeper knowledge of history and science, to enable even him to refute their objections. This he manfully strove to obtain, and finally he became a sincere Christian. In the present work he has endeavored to supply from his own experience arguments which he trusts may be found useful to persons situated as he himself once was. It is written in rather a trenchant style, it being a main object of the writer to convict his opponents of either ignorance or misrepresentation. There is something, too, of originality in his treatment of the subject, and the work abounds in facts and anecdotes, some of which are highly interesting. — Critic.